

## SECOND FLOOR - - - BARGAIN COUNTERS

3,000 yards White Plaid Lawns worth 10c, to go at 5c yard.  
2,700 yards Figured Jaconets, sold as a leader in other stores at 12 1-2c, our price 10c.  
A lot of Remnants and Dress lengths, standard Dress Prints, worth 7c, Monday 3 1-2c.  
3,000 yards Figured Cotton Challies at 2 1-2c.  
1,900 yards Colored and Striped French Percales, usually sold at 12 1-2c, 8 1-2c Monday.  
3,700 yards black ground Colored Figured Batiste, 10c value, for 5c yd.  
4,000 yards short lengths French Figured Dimities, worth as much as 20c, Monday 5c yard.  
2,000 yards French Zephyr Gingham, worth 25c, at 10c yard.  
A lot of Dress lengths fine French Figured Sateens, worth 10c, Monday 6 1-2c.  
2 cases Royal Plisse Crepons, at 7 1-2c yard.  
French style Figured Dimities, worth 15c, at 10c.  
3,000 yards Figured Dimities, worth 10c, Monday 6 1-2c.  
2,000 yards double fold Irish Lawns, worth 12 1-2c, at 8 1-2c yard.  
2,300 yards Striped Batiste, nice new styles, worth 12 1-2c, at 8 1-2c.  
5,000 yards Shirting Prints, at 4 1-2c.  
6,000 yards Striped Outing Flannels, worth 8c, will be sold Monday only at 3c yard.

## J. M. HIGH & CO.

Ever ready to serve the best interests of the people---with  
an array of seasonable Merchandise second to none in  
Atlanta---bought right and sold right. New attractions  
each and every day.

... BARGAINS WITH THE TRUE BARGAIN RING. ...

## CARPETS, MATTINGS - - - and DRAPERIES TO BE CLOSED OUT.

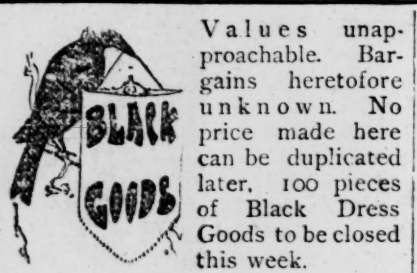


The largest stock of Carpets, Mattings, Rugs and Drapery Goods in the South to be sold within the next 60 days to make room for new goods. We are going to cut the price and move everything in stock in the next 60 days.  
Floquette Carpets, made and laid, at 90c a yard.  
200 Rolls Brussels Carpets, made and laid, at 55, 65 and 75c a yard.  
All-wool Ingrain Carpets, an elegant line of patterns to select from, only 50c a yard.  
150 Japanese and Wool Rugs, in large sizes, to be sold at a sacrifice.  
250 Smyrna Rugs, 3x6 feet, sold everywhere at \$6, Monday only \$3.75.  
MATTINGS.—Our large stock of fine Japanese and China Matting, the 40c and 50c kind, now at 25c and 35c a yard.  
150 rolls Heavy Jointless Matting, regular price 25c a yard, the roll of 40 yards at \$6.  
100 dozen Window Shades, 38 inches by 7 feet, plain with fringe or daisies, always sold for 75c, special this week at 50c each.  
200 solid brass window poles with all the fixtures complete, worth \$1.50, this week at 75c each.  
A lot of Misfit Carpets and Flade Rugs to be sold.  
AWNINGS.—We have a complete line of Awnings. See us before placing your orders.



### Silks

We exhibit Monday the residue of those exquisite Dresden Taffetas, so pretty and stylish for Waists. They were \$1.19, now yours  
At 75c  
The season for a fine Suit of Black Silk Grenadine is now ready. Our Silk Department is showing the very latest in high class effects. The prices are always most interesting—  
60c to \$6.50 a yd  
18 pieces Black Figured Taffeta Silks, yesterday's express, and on sale tomorrow at 60c yd, worth \$1.  
These styles are perfect for Suits and Waists.  
A line of Figured Taffeta Glace Silks, beautiful, too, worth \$1.  
At 60c  
A greater sale than ever before will be 18 pieces all-silk Black Satin Duchesse, a value not to be approached for less than \$1.38, selling tomorrow  
At \$1  
21 pieces Black Satin Duchesse, the \$1.75 kind.  
At \$1.30  
50 pieces Check Taffeta Finish Silks for Waists, usually 50c is the price, 25c a yd



Tomorrow we shall put on sale 11 pieces all-wool Black Henrietta  
At 15c yd  
You never saw such nor never will again.

We have 385 yards Wool and Mohair Silk finished  
At 15c yd  
You never saw such nor never will again.

### Black Crepons

That we wish to close in one day. Heretofore it was a good thing at \$1.39 a yard.  
Now yours at 80c

For service or traveling nothing could give you more satisfaction than a suit or skirt cut from our 56-inch Black Suburban Serge, made of finest wool, shakes dust nicely and will not draw or shrink.  
\$1 a yd

### Black Henriettas

Lupin's silk warp Black Henriettas, will not turn brown and will please your fancy and purse.  
At 75c yard 5 pieces worth \$1.19.  
At \$1 yard 7 pieces worth \$1.19.  
At \$1.19 yard 4 pieces worth \$1.65.  
At \$1.39 yard 3 pieces worth \$2.  
See them; just on sale Monday 9 to 11:30 o'clock.  
Opened late Saturday another case of that all-wool Black Serge, worth 50c.  
At 20c yd

1,000 yards New Black Brillantines, both Figured and plain, a sensible and popular fancy, just received and shown for the first time Monday;  
50c to \$1.50 yd

### Dress Making

Do you want a Stylish Dress? Do you want a suit equal in fit and finish to any in America? Well, we are turning out just such costumes. We will take a limited number of orders the coming week at one-third off regular making. The opportunity is now.

### Embroideries

We will sell on Monday 300 pieces Hamburg, Cambric and Swiss Embroideries, worth from 25c to 60c, At only 15c  
2,700 yards Hamburg, Cambric and Swiss Embroideries, worth 10 to 15c, Only 5c

### Laces

Selling Monday, and until closed, 100 pieces Ecu Guipure de Gene Laces, worth as much as 40c a yard, at  
Only 10c  
A lot of hand-made Linen Laces, easily worth 25c, Only 10c

### Ladies' Skirts.

A new lot of black satin Dress Skirts, organ pipe back, perfect in style and finish,  
At \$7.50, worth \$12.50  
A new lot of all-wool black figured novelty skirts  
At \$4.50, worth \$7.50  
One lot of black Silk Crepon Skirts, superior style and finish.  
Cheap at \$18; to sell at \$13.50

### Ladies' Wrappers

A new line of Ladies' Lawn Wrappers with fancy yoke and large sleeves,  
At \$1.35, worth \$2.00  
A line of Ladies' striped and figured lawn wrappers, all colors, beautiful in style and finish  
At \$1.75, cheap at \$3.00  
One lot of ladies' Percale Wrappers  
At 98c, worth \$1.50

### Parasols and Umbrellas

We have all the newest and latest ideas in fancy and plain Parasols and Umbrellas.  
100 26-inch Gloria Silk Umbrellas, with Dresden handles, worth \$2.00; are to be sold  
At \$1.19  
190 26-inch extra fine Gloria Silk Umbrellas, Dresden handles, worth \$2.75; are to go  
At \$1.39  
A lot of Drummers' Samples, fine Silk Umbrellas for gents and ladies; are yours at one-half value.

### Boys' Clothing

We are closing out this line. Don't intend to have any by the next three weeks. You can afford to buy for future use at the prices named now.  
Boys' brown and gray mixed Cassimere Suits, worth anywhere \$2.  
At \$1.69 a suit  
At \$2, worth \$3, a lot of Boys' all-wool Cheviot Suits.  
At \$2.50, worth \$3, a lot of Boys' all-wool Cassimere and Cheviot Suits.  
At \$2.75, worth \$7.50, Boys' extra fine Cheviot Suits.  
At \$70 Boys' washable Sailor Suits.  
At \$70 and \$1 Boys' Duck Suits, worth more than double.

### Gloves

Our Ladies' four-button Kid Glove, all shades and black, at \$1, is the best value one could ask—fitted to the hand and guaranteed.  
1 lot Ladies' White and Yellow Chamois Gloves, worth \$1.25, At 85c  
1 lot Ladies' Black Silk Mitts, worth 35c, At 15c

### French Dimities

Something like 100 pieces of these lovely styles, selling Monday at 23c; Worth 35c

### Hosiery

SELLING MONDAY.  
175 dozen Ladies' light-weight Lisle Thread Hose, Hermsdorf black, double heels and toes, worth 50c, At 29c a pair  
125 dozen Gents' finest quality Tan Lisle Half Hose, the kind you usually pay 50c, for 3 pairs \$1  
200 dozen Children's Double Knee, School Hose, Hermsdorf black, At 12 1-2c  
SPECIAL! 100 dozen Ladies' Extra good Black Cotton Hose, double soles, heel and toes, worth 25c; at 5 pairs \$1

### House Furnishings

4-foot step Ladders... 75c  
6-foot Step Ladders... 1.50c  
Ashtrays... 50c  
Paper Mache Trays... 25c  
Chafin Dish... 25c  
Crum Trays and Brush... 10c to 75c  
Table Mats... 25c set  
Toilet Paper... 6 for 25c  
Patent Steam Cookers... \$2.50  
Jelly Molds... 25c  
Towel Racks... 10c  
Wash Boards... 15c  
Steel Spiders... 25c  
Cake Griddles... 1.25 to \$2.50  
Water Coolers... 1.25 to \$2.50  
Tea Pots... 10c  
Coffee Pots... 10c  
Picnic Baskets... 10c to 40c  
Carving Sets... 50c  
Roll Pins... 5c  
Wood Bowls... 10 to 25c  
Bread Pans... 10c  
Muffin Pans... 10c  
Butcher Knives... 10c  
The most complete line of useful kitchen house furnishings in the south.  
Special prices on Gas Stoves, Refrigerators, Hammocks, Ice Cream Freezers and Croquet Sets all this week to close out.

### Shirts

At 60c, worth \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. A lot of Gents' Laundered Shirts, colored bosoms, cuffs attached and detached; Gents' white Dress Shirts, a big bargain truly this will be.  
At 60c  
500 dozen "Crown" brand unlaundered shirts; the only \$1 shirt on earth sold for 50c. This is our last shipment—50c or 6 for \$2.75  
The most elegant line of Negligee Shirts to be had; all the newest designs; all the very best patterns, and the cheapest in the city. Look at our line at \$1; nothing like them elsewhere for less than \$1.50.

### Gents' Underwear

You will wonder at this: 100 dozen Gents' Fine Silk Lisle Shirts and Drawers. Price them at haberdashers and they will be \$2 per garment. Our price \$1, or 63 dozen Gents' best make Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth easily \$1.  
At 37 1-2c each  
A lot of Gents' superfine English Gauze Shirts (Drawers all sold), worth 75c; we will close  
At 33 1-3c each

### White Goods

Fine Sheer White India Linen, worth 10c, At 5c yd  
110 pieces Imperial Long Cloth, 12 yards in bolt, worth 20c yard.  
21 pieces Linen finish bleached Duck, worth 20c, Monday, 15c yd.  
39 pieces white figured Duck in pique effects; regular price 25c; special  
At 12 1-2c  
2,000 yards black India Linen, book-folds, worth 20c; Monday 10c  
1,900 yards small check Nainsook, regular price 12 1/2c; Monday 8 1-2c  
40 pieces 68-inch white Organdie, worth 65c yard; Special 40c

### Swivel Silks

We will sell tomorrow and the coming week 3,000 yards Swivel Silks, most elegant wash fabric and worth 39c a yard.  
Only 25c

### Ladies' Capes.

Ladies' all-wool Cloth Capes, in tan and blacks, nicely braided,  
At \$2.75, were \$5.00  
Ladies' Fine tan and black Cloth Capes, handsomely braided umbrella styles,  
At \$8.50, were \$15.00  
Ladies' Fine Velvet Capes, trimmed with jet and silk lined  
At \$13.50, were \$20.00

### Boys' Waists

A lot of Boys' Percale Shirt Waists worth 25c to 50c, to close  
At 10c each

### Neckwear

Do you want a nice Tie at a very little cost?  
27 dozen Gents' Teck and Four-In-Hand washable Ties, sold everywhere at 25c; Our price 10c  
Gents' Clubhouse, Shield and Band Bow, worth 50c, At 25c  
110 dozen Boys' and Ladies' all silk Windsor washable Ties, worth, as you can easily see, 25c, At 15c each

### Handkerchiefs

You can't do better—no need of trying elsewhere.  
1 lot Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 12 1/2c, At 5c  
1 lot Ladies' and Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs, would be cheap at 15c, Monday 9c

### Corsets and Underwear.

See our line of 50c Corsets, the best on earth for the money. A full line drab, black and white and ventilating.  
At 60c we offer tomorrow 60 dozen ladies' fine muslin gowns, well made, beautifully trimmed, cut full and long; worth not less than \$1.25.  
At \$1 a lot of ladies' Cambric Gowns and Skirts, nicely trimmed with embroidery; not to be had anywhere for less than \$1.75.

### Linens

Housekeepers should take advantage of our great Linen Sale.  
At 6 1-2c each, 50 dozen Hemmed Huck Towels, never offered before for less than 12 1/2c.  
At 17 1-2c each, 72 dozen large size hemstitched Huck Towels, soiled some, yet the value is there, worth 25c and 30c.  
At 98c, 100 extra size Marseilles Spreads, worth more than double.  
At 55c, 19 pieces heavy bleached Table Damask, a dollar a yard is what it is worth.  
At 75c, 72-inch bleached Table Damask, 11 pieces of choice designs, and worth \$1.19.  
At 25c, A lot of large size fine knotted fringe, satin Damask Towels, colored borders, been used in window display; were 40c and 50c.  
At \$1.00, 30 dozen large size Dinner Napkins, worth \$1.75 dozen.  
At 50c, 70 dozen bleached fringed Doilies, cheap at \$1.

### Millinery

We Will not wait until the close of the season to reduce prices, but commence now, and give our customers the benefit when they need it. A special cut price is now on.  
\$1.75 Leghorn Hats at 80c.  
\$2.50 Leghorn Hats at \$1.48.  
\$10.00 Trimmed Hats at \$5.00.  
\$12.00 Trimmed Hats at \$6.50.  
\$15.00 Trimmed Hats at \$7.50.  
\$7.50 Trimmed Hats at \$3.50.  
1 Lot Untrimmed Hats at 5c.  
1 Lot Untrimmed Hats at 10c.  
1 Lot Untrimmed Hats at 25c.  
Their worth not considered; we want to exchange them for money.

### Ladies' Suits.

A new lot of Ladies' All-wool Tailor-made Suits, in tan and brown, nice style and good finish,  
At \$7.00, worth \$12.00  
A new lot of Ladies' all wool Black and Navy Serge, tailor-made suits, Eton and English sack style.  
\$6.50 to \$12.50, worth double  
Ladies' Lawn Suits in all colors, At \$3.00, worth \$5.00

### Crinkled Gingham

2,700 yards English Crinkled Gingham, have been selling at 12c, now to go  
At 12 1-2c

### Ladies' Vests

200 dozen Ladies' fine Swiss Vests, worth 25c anywhere on the globe, At 15c  
175 dozen of Ladies' fine bleached Swiss Ribbed Vests, regular 20c sales leader, At 12 1-2c

### Figured Ducks

3,000 yards Figured and Striped Duck Suitings, worth 10c, At 12 1-2c

### Basement

Marked-to-move prices for Monday. Some Bargains you must not miss. See?  
CHINAWARE

1,000 dozen Tumblers, regular 40c kind, for Monday only 20c dozen, one dozen to a customer.  
37 100-piece Dinner Sets, gold lined, best porcelain, handsome filled decoration in two colors, regular price \$1.50, for Monday only \$1.08 per set.  
See this layout: One whole table, china cups and saucers, many styles, none worth less than \$2.50 a dozen, some worth \$3, for Monday your choice \$1.50 dozen, only one dozen to a customer.  
Do not overlook this bargain, only 60 left, artist signed etchings, size 18x30, beautiful white and gold frame, worth \$2 each, for Monday the price will be \$1 for your choice.  
White and gold Easel to match only 50c each.  
A job lot fine decorated Bisque French Lamps, all central draft burners, some worth \$3.75, none worth less than \$2.50, your choice Monday only \$1.50 each. It will pay you to buy lamps now at these prices.  
The two great tables of china and glass at 10c each piece will be continued for Monday; some rare bargains you can find indeed. Do not pass them by without inspection.

### Shoes! Shoes!

You would think that leather had declined rather than advanced in price, if the prices we make on Shoes are considered.  
We save you now about 25 per cent

Ladies' Oxfords, patent tip, at 40c pair.  
Ladies' Strap Slippers at 75c pair.  
Ladies' Cloth Slippers at 45c pair.  
Ladies' Tan Oxfords at 80c, worth \$1.25.  
Ladies' Dongola Oxfords at 75c, worth \$1.00.  
Ladies' Dongola Oxfords at \$1, worth \$1.50.  
Ladies' bright Dongola Oxfords, all the new style toes, at \$2, worth \$2.75.  
1 lot Children's Oxfords, worth \$1, at 80c.  
1 lot Children's Strap Slippers, worth \$1.25, at 75c.  
Men's Calf Bais, all styles, at \$1.50, worth \$2.50.  
Men's Calf Bais, all styles, worth \$2, at \$2.  
Men's hand-sewed Calf Bais, black and tan, all styles, worth \$3, at \$3 pair.

### French Organdies

A lot of French figured Organdies; you know the price all over town. We will sell tomorrow  
At 25c yd

# J. M. HIGH & CO.,

## THE REGULATOR AND CONTROLLER OF LOW PRICES.











D. C. BACON, President.

M. F. AMOROUS, General Manager.

# ATLANTA LUMBER COMPANY.

With our Retail Yards in THIS CITY, and Operating Saw Mills in DODGE COUNTY,

... We have Superior Facilities for Supplying ...

## ALL KINDS AND GRADES OF LUMBER AT THE LOWEST PRICES!

AMOSKEAG BRAND SHINGLES, "BONE DRY" FLOORING, DRESSED IN ATLANTA,

... PERFECT MATCHED AND SMOOTHLY DRESSED. ...

PATENT SHEATHING LATH, BALED SHAVINGS, TWIST BALUSTERS AND COLUMNS,  
AND GRILL WORK, YELLOW PINE AND HARDWOOD MANTELS.

OUR INTERIOR FINISH FACTORY IS SUPPLIED WITH—

Choicest Mahogany, Quartered Oak,  
Sycamore, Birch, Cherry, Cypress,  
Poplar, White Pine and Maple.

ONLY THE HIGHEST QUALITY! ...

... WE ARE PREPARED TO FINISH RESIDENCES, STORES, BANKS, AND OFFICES ...

TELEPHONES

752, Office, 17 South Forsyth Street.

897, Yards and Factory, Humphries and Glenn Streets.

ATLANTA, GA.

### IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Larry Gantt Writes of the Situation in  
the Palmetto State.

#### PLENTY OF CAPITAL GOING THERE

The Report That the Reformers Are  
Frightening It Off Is Disproved  
by the Figures.

Spartanburg, S. C., May 18.—Knowing the wide-spread circulation of your paper, that you desire to do every state and every people exact and impartial justice, I desire to use your columns to place the reform movement of South Carolina properly before the country, and disabuse the public mind of certain prejudices that exist against our movement. I am a former citizen of Georgia, my devotion to democratic principles is known to your people, and I do not believe that they would charge me with lending aid or countenance to such an irresponsible and dangerous set of fanatics as those "Tillmanites" of the Palmetto State are described.

In the first place, our reformers are charged with being "tainted with populism." Never was there such an unfounded slander uttered against any party. I don't believe, in the whole state of South Carolina, that 5,000 white men could be found who would vote the populist ticket. We Carolinians realize the fact that democracy to the south means more than any empty name—that it signifies the political supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and any division in the white vote means that the negro must become our arbiters. Our people were trained in the school of Jeffersonian democracy by that grand old statesman John C. Calhoun, and they are today following in his footsteps. To show you that our reform party are genuine democrats, while they bitterly opposed the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in 1892, when the seal of the democratic party was put upon him, and he became its standard bearer, South Carolina, voting population considered, gave the largest democratic majority of any state in the union; and while there was a populist electoral ticket in the field, it polled less than 3,000 votes. Now, does this look like our South Carolina reformers were populists? Why, I can point out twenty or more counties in Georgia where there are more populists than the entire state of South Carolina can muster. But, sir, if democracy must be measured by the standard of the shysters of Wall street and of Lombard street, then you can write our reformers down as populists, or anything else antagonistic to the financial policy of the present administration. Our people believe in the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and in 1894 they will send to the national democratic convention a delegation with the same warning and the same denunciation of Wall street rule as our state convention uttered in 1892. If you will read the resolutions of the Cleveland and of the Cleveland and of the Cleveland then passed, you will see that the reformers of the old Palmetto State then fully realized the danger that menaced the country; but so true and loyal were they to the democratic party that they supported its nominees, well knowing that time would vindicate their position and right their wrongs.

So far as the populist party is concerned, I believe that that ill-timed political movement is as much responsible for the nomination of Cleveland at Chicago and of the disaster that have followed his election, as those miserable creatures who sold their votes for preferment and office; and one of these delegates came from our own state—but he is today looking upon an

Judas by his own people. Had the populist party never been organized in the south, and the farmers had gone into the county and state democratic conventions and controlled delegations, the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in 1892 would have been rendered impossible, and we would today have in the presidential chair a sound western man, who would work for and represent his people and country, and not the goldbugs and coupon clippers. And the only danger I now see ahead of us is that unwise leaders will keep the masses divided, while the money power remains united. Our South Carolina reformers realize the fact that financial relief must overshadow all other issues in the campaign next year, and they will present a united and unbroken front. Now, if the populists in Georgia and other southern states will only listen to reason, and unite with us in our fight for free silver and relief from the bondage of the gold kings, I believe that the people will triumph in 1896, and such a dawn of prosperity break upon our country as was never known before.

This is the platform upon which our South Carolina reformers stand; and if they are "tainted with populism," then all true democratic newspapers are populist organs. Speaker Crisp, Senator Bacon, Chairman Clay, Hon. W. H. Fleming and a host of such true and wise statesmen are populists also. And, Mr. Editor, I can call to mind a speech made by Hon. Hoke Smith, secretary of the interior, on the fair ground at Athens, in which that distinguished gentleman himself gave utterance to sentiments that are today echoed and re-echoed among the reformers of this state. So much for the political principles of the reform party of South Carolina. We are democrats to the core, but Jeffersonian democrats; and you cannot ram any of that latter-day Cleveland "democracy" down our people with a hand-spike as long as the Atlantic cable.

Now, Mr. Editor, the second charge against our South Carolina reformers is that they are driving capital from our borders, and blocking the wheels of prosperity. In answer to this libel I refer to an editorial in your own paper about two weeks ago, showing the depreciation in taxable property in the different southern states. I will only select a few states not cursed by "reform rule," and compare their prosperity with South Carolina's. From 1883 to 1894 Alabama, now under the administration of one of President Cleveland's most docile cuckoos, showed a depreciation in value of \$17,669,413; Tennessee, where the name of Tillman is not even known, sank over \$18,000; Texas, with her fresh and fertile soil, shows a loss of \$18,261,990; while our own state of Georgia lead the way with a shrinkage in values of \$23,821,941. But our own Palmetto State, that is being ruined by the government of the farmers, and where Jeffersonian populism is "paralysing every business and bringing ruin and destruction upon the country," in defiance of the financial blight that Mr. Cleveland and his Wall street policy have brought upon the country, during that same period increased in wealth \$1,332,385; and the preceding year she even exceeded it! Now, don't you think that a mild dose of South Carolina "populism" would have a beneficial effect if administered to our sister southern states? But the end is not yet. South Carolina is today prospering as she never has prospered, and the tax returns for the coming year will show an advance in development and prosperity even greater than ever before known.

Now, in answer to the second charge, that "capital is being driven from our borders," if you will examine the manufacturing statistics of the country, you will find that since 1890, when the reformers captured the reins of government more than a million dollars have been invested in South Carolina than any other southern state, and still the good work goes bravely on. Spartanburg county alone now has in operation thirteen cotton factories, with three other large mills going up and

five more organized, and which will be completed in time for the next crop. We have today more spindles than Augusta, Ga., and more cotton mills than five southern states combined. Not only this, but official reports this week published show that South Carolina manufactures more of her cotton than any state in the south. The cotton factories in Spartanburg county will average a net annual profit of 27½ per cent, and the Gaffney mill, where fine goods are made the first year cleared 40 per cent on its total cost. Now, Mr. Editor, does this look like "reform legislation" is driving capital from our borders? No; that assertion, like every other slander uttered against the dominant and ruling faction in this state, is false and concocted by a defeated and repudiated minority for the purpose and intention of prejudicing the outside world against our reformers.

And not only are our manufacturing enterprises flourishing as they never prospered before, but I have just examined the records of the clerk's office in Spartanburg, and find that during the past winter a fraction over eleven old mortgages have been marked "satisfied" where a new mortgage of ten has been recorded. Our farmers have thrown off the bondage of the west and are now raising their own supplies at home, making cotton a surplus crop. Comparatively no western corn will be sold here this summer, but little bacon. Now, in the face of the hard times upon this country, you must confess, Mr. Editor, that this showing is truly surprising and answers and refutes those base libels uttered against our reform movement.

Another thing: While the reformers have held the government of the state for five years, not the first change of corruption has been made against a single official. Expenses have been reduced, salaries scaled and each official watches the public interest with the same vigilance as were it his private business. Even the enemies of our movement have not dared charge corruption against the party now in power.

And not only is our state government wisely and honestly administered, but many important reforms have been inaugurated since 1890. One company, the Coosaw, claimed the right to monopolize the phosphate rock in our navigable streams, and the old political oligarchy conceded to them this valuable concession. But Governor Tillman, after two years of litigation, broke the backbone of this monopoly, and instead of one company dredging for phosphate we have now a number, and, in spite of the disastrous cyclone of last year, the revenue to the state from this source has been increased many fold. We funded our state debt in the face of the blackest slanders against South Carolina, circulated by our own people and papers, at a less interest than Colonel John C. Haskell and other leaders of the conservative faction said it was possible to negotiate those bonds for. We have established at Clemson the education of the education of poor boys, where tuition, board, washing, doctor's bills and all other expenses cost only \$8 per month, and pupils can earn half a dollar a week. There is not a finer college in the south than Clemson, and it has an average attendance of over 600. By September an industrial school for girls will be opened at Rock Hill, patterned after Clemson. Now, Mr. Editor, if the reform party has done nothing else for South Carolina, these two great educational institutions alone have opened the doors of knowledge to the sons and daughters of the poor farmers and laborers of this state will remain a proud monument to our party and to B. R. Tillman, the great leader of the people boys.

I desire now to explain to my friends in Georgia the origin and design of the reform movement in South Carolina. When Mr. Clemson, son-in-law of John C. Calhoun, died he left his magnificent plantation and a large bequest to the state for the purpose of establishing a college for the higher education of our country boys. The party in power, after many broken

promises and persistent urging on the part of the people refused to accept this bequest, contending that the South Carolina college and Citadel academy at Charleston were all the higher educational institutions our state needed. The farmers were determined that the benefits of higher education should be opened to their sons, and the acceptance of Mr. Clemson's gift was made an issue in the campaign of 1890, when B. R. Tillman led the people and secured the nomination for governor on the democratic ticket. But so bitter was the opposition to Mr. Tillman that Judge A. H. Haskell announced as an independent candidate, and a crushing majority and the reform party became a fixture in South Carolina. In 1892 the fight was waged in the democratic party with Colonel John C. Shepperd, of Edgefield, as the nominee of the conservatives. His ticket only carried five counties out of thirty-six. Then came the contest of last year, when the minority, seeing the soundness of the reform party, decided to nominate a ticket for state officers, but cast its vote for Sampson Pope, an Independent, and who had entered the race as a reform candidate. Dr. Pope, seeing crushing defeat staring him in the face, withdrew from the contest, under the plea that a "ring" ruled the politics of this state and announced himself as an Independent candidate. And just here, that your readers may understand Dr. Pope's position, I will state that until his candidacy for governor, he was a most uncompromising reformer, and carried his resentment to such lengths that he refused to ride on the Richmond and Danville railroad because the road would not pay the tax assessment levied against it by the state. The doctor was into a strange advocate of the dispensary law, which he is now attacking, and was in the legislature and on the committee which framed the present registration laws of South Carolina, but now that the great power of our state have risen in their power and majesty and declared that the white man must rule the politics of South Carolina, the creators of that law, who are afraid to trust their own race and color, have appeared unto a republican and enemy of the south to overturn their own work.

Comment is unnecessary. Read the conservative papers of South Carolina and you will see them gloating over the fact that a radical judge has attempted to strike down the last pillar of the state's rights and trample in the dust the principles so dear to our forefathers, and to maintain which they have twice rebelled against the government of the United States. Yet the sons and descendants of those grand old statesmen and patriots—many of them men who followed the red shirt brigades of Hampton in 1876—are now upholding and indorsing a republican federal judge as he tears down the tabernacle of state's sovereignty and seeks to erect upon its site a heathen temple, dedicated to a centralized power.

And not only this, but the conservative daily papers are now holding the 40,000 negro voting majority suspended over the heads of our reformers as a sword of Damocles and demand that if we do not consent to their terms, they will ignore the white primary and appeal to the black vote. This is the situation today in the old Palmetto State. But our reformers will not be bulldozed into relinquishing their power and sacrificing their principles by threats of using the negro vote. State Chairman Irby and his committee will order white primaries throughout this state, to nominate delegates to the constitutional convention, and there are enough true white men in our borders to drive back the charge of the conservatives and their black allies upon the polls and anchor reformers, and which would have given the minority control of our constitutional convention. But this was the proposition made by our reformers to the conservatives, and you must confess, Mr. Editor, that it is a fair one. We told them that we wanted a

non-factional constitutional convention in which every business and every interest should be represented; and in order to secure such an assemblage, for the conservatives to place their candidates in the field, require them to abide by the result of the white democratic primary and the question would not be asked or the issue raised as to how they voted in the past. This entirely fair offer was refused and the demand for an unconditional division of delegates persisted in.

Well, the next step was taken last week when Judge Goff, a republican from West Virginia, was imported to overturn the laws of a sovereign state. You know his decision. Now, the registration law against which Judge Goff rendered his adverse decision, was not framed by reformers, but was the handiwork of the conservative leaders of our party, who controlled the government of South Carolina, and Judge Simonton, who sat upon the same bench with Judge Goff when he denounced this as "an outrage stupendous and the result close to the lines that divide outrage from crime," was a member of the legislature that framed this law. For twelve long years Senator M. C. Butler served his state and drew his salary under the operations of the same "outrage stupendous." Senator Wade Hampton profited by it for a like term, and many of the same men who are now applauding this old republican judge's denunciations of our present law passed by his operations. No objection was urged against that "outrage stupendous" so long as the conservative faction reaped the honors and emoluments of office, but when the reformers began to profit by the very money that they created it hid themselves to West Virginia to import a federal republican judge to pass upon the acts of a democratic legislature! Now, Mr. Editor, your people can see the hypocrisy and true meaning of this fight against the registration laws of South Carolina. That statute was wise and patriotic so long as their faction reaped its profits, but now that the great power of our state have risen in their power and majesty and declared that the white man must rule the politics of South Carolina, the creators of that law, who are afraid to trust their own race and color, have appeared unto a republican and enemy of the south to overturn their own work.

Comment is unnecessary. Read the conservative papers of South Carolina and you will see them gloating over the fact that a radical judge has attempted to strike down the last pillar of the state's rights and trample in the dust the principles so dear to our forefathers, and to maintain which they have twice rebelled against the government of the United States. Yet the sons and descendants of those grand old statesmen and patriots—many of them men who followed the red shirt brigades of Hampton in 1876—are now upholding and indorsing a republican federal judge as he tears down the tabernacle of state's sovereignty and seeks to erect upon its site a heathen temple, dedicated to a centralized power.

And not only this, but the conservative daily papers are now holding the 40,000 negro voting majority suspended over the heads of our reformers as a sword of Damocles and demand that if we do not consent to their terms, they will ignore the white primary and appeal to the black vote. This is the situation today in the old Palmetto State. But our reformers will not be bulldozed into relinquishing their power and sacrificing their principles by threats of using the negro vote. State Chairman Irby and his committee will order white primaries throughout this state, to nominate delegates to the constitutional convention, and there are enough true white men in our borders to drive back the charge of the conservatives and their black allies upon the polls and anchor reformers, and which would have given the minority control of our constitutional convention. But this was the proposition made by our reformers to the conservatives, and you must confess, Mr. Editor, that it is a fair one. We told them that we wanted a

today. The horrors of negro rule are too fresh in the minds of the people of South Carolina for them to again invite this danger and ignominy.

As to our dispensary law, Mr. Editor, it was a compromise measure to satisfy the prohibitionists. The success of the reform movement does not hinge upon its continuance. It was enacted only two years ago, after the people had captured the government of their state. But a visit to South Carolina before Judge Simonton's last decision would have convinced any fair-minded man that the dispensary is the only and true solution of the whisky problem. Drunkenness had decreased by three-fourths and a generation of sober, moral young men was being reared in our midst. What will be the final outcome of this law I cannot predict. If the supreme court upholds Judge Simonton, I think that it will be seriously crippled and must give place to some other measure to restrict the liquor traffic. But of one thing you may rest assured: Bar-rooms will never again be established in South Carolina. Governor Evans believes that with the metropolitan police he can still suppress the illicit liquor traffic and make the dispensary self-supporting.

Mr. Editor, my article is extended, but I cannot condense in less space what I desire to say, and what should be said. I have stated nothing but the truth, and my every assertion can be substantiated. I feel it due our South Carolina reformers that their side should be given to the public, and that not only every unprejudiced man, but every true and consistent democrat, will commend and indorse the position taken by our party. There are in South Carolina 40,000 more negro voters than white voters and the welfare, honor and prosperity of the state depend upon Anglo-Saxon supremacy. To this our reform movement is opposed. It is the other side, the conservatives, who are appealing to a republican judge and threatening to align themselves with the negro in order to defeat the white man and the rule of a white majority—and it is no insignificant majority, either; but out of thirty-six counties in South Carolina, the reformers control all but five and by decisive majorities, too. All we ask of our conservative brethren is that they come into our white primaries and abide by their decision. We promise them a respectful hearing, a free ballot and a fair count. If they cannot capture the government by our state by force of numbers, then they should not ask to rule. So long as we live under a republican form of government the majority must control. In our southern states every true and self-respecting white man must confess that the Anglo-Saxon, and not the African, should govern. Respectfully,  
T. LARRY GANTT.

#### Goldbugs' Ten Commandments.

From The Nashville American.

1. Thou shalt have no other god but gold.
2. Thou shalt not make out of silver any money which shall be legal tender, nor shalt thou bow down to any other metal than gold nor take any other in payment of any interest or principal due thee, for the value of gold constantly increaseth and conservativeness, and its purchasing power spreadeth daily and will ultimately ruin all those who owe debts and who work for wages, even unto the third and fourth generation.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of money from gold, thy god, nor bestow it upon silver, for we will not hold him guiltless who doeth so beneficial a thing.
4. Remember the Sabbath day wherein thy interest increaseth, and pray for a continuation of the present high purchasing power of gold which so benefits thee and thine.
5. Honor thy father and mother, but don't forget that gold is better than either, and vastly better than the prosperity and happiness of thy fellowman.
6. Thou shalt not kill the high purchasing power of gold, nor talk of bimetalism.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery by

mixing the two metals in thy circulating medium.

8. Thou shalt not steal the name of "the only money" from gold, nor bestow it upon silver, nor prevent the great increase in value in gold which is due to the increased demand for it from all civilized lands.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor (unless he be a silverite), but thou shalt sneer at every effort to study the money question from both sides, and laugh at the idea of two legs for our currency to stand on being better or safer or more stable than one.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house nor his lands, but by increasing the value of money and thereby decreasing the value of products and property, quietly and legally get possession of all he has which thou wishest or needest.

Recommended by the goldbug scripture revision committee.

#### Why Alabama Is Hard Up.

Montgomery, Ala., May 17.—(Special.)—An Abbeville, Ala., special says: "Governor Oates spoke to a large audience here on Wednesday night upon the management of the state government."

He explained the financial condition of the state and showed that the reason there was no more money in the treasury was because of the shrinkage in value and undervaluation of the value of property by a large per cent of the people. He mentioned some of the reforms that have taken place since he has been governor.

"He said that we were now having reaction from the financial depression of the past few years, and that a tidal wave of prosperity is slowly sweeping through Alabama. He closed by saying that he believed the people of Alabama were less agitated over the money question than those of any other state in the south and that he was glad of it."

#### Two Negro Children Burned.

Montgomery, Ala., May 17.—(Special.)—Yesterday, at Felix, in Perry county, a negro cabin burned down on the Suttle & Jones plantation and consumed two children, Adelaide Himes and Berney Johnson, aged eighteen months and four months, respectively. They were left in the cabin several hours before by their parents with a brick fire burning on the hearth. When discovered the body of the elder child was thirty feet from the house and in a completely roasted condition. It is supposed that the child crawled out of the door after it had been burned off.

#### A Winston County Tragedy.

Jasper, Ala., May 17.—(Special.)—News comes from Motes, in Winston county, of the killing of Tom Howell by a Mr. Butler. The Howell version of the affair is that Butler's son held Howell while old man Butler beat him with a stick. The Butler version is that the striking was done in self-defense. It is stated that both men drew their knives and a bloody fight resulted, in which both were carved up. After receiving his injuries Howell walked over a nail, not realizing how seriously he was injured. A few hours afterwards he died. Butler was arrested and gave bond.

#### A Suicide at Decatur.

Decatur, Ala., May 17.—(Special.)—William Dechamps, agent for the Southern News Company and a good citizen, committed suicide here Thursday night by cutting his throat with a large butcher knife. He sat up late that night sharpening the knife and about midnight he stepped and stabbed himself twice in the throat with the knife. After having bled for some time, he went to a back room, seated himself in a chair, folded his arms and died apparently peacefully. He was about thirty-five years old and leaves a wife. No cause for the suicide is known here.

#### Purity.

your premises with Deodorine, Cheap, At drugists, Lamar & Rankin Drug Company, agents.

#### Worth \$1,000 Per Front Foot.

The O'Connor property, 4x165 feet to alley, between Westmoreland corner and Arlington hotel, on Marietta street. Terms, one-third cash; balance one, two, three and four years, with 5 per cent interest. Saml. W. Goode & Co.











**Black Dress Goods**

At 15c.

36-inch Cashmeres, fancy Armures, Diagonals and Brocades, good values at 25c; only 15c.

At 19c.

31 pieces heavy Serges, Diagonals and Solies, good values at 39c, for 19c.

At 29c.

36-inch all wool Serges, Cashmeres and Brocades, worth 49c; for 29c.

At 39c.

7 pieces brocaded Mohair, full 38 inches wide; 10 pieces Stripes and Armure effects. Just the things for skirts, worth 59c, only 39c.

At 49c.

8 pieces 40-inch silk luster Mohairs; 4 pieces 48-inch Imperial Serges; 20 pieces 46-inch Surah Serges; 6 pieces 44-inch imported Batiste, worth 89c, only 49c.

**Black Dress Goods**

At 59c.

Imperial Broad Wale and London Whipcord Serges, 48 inches wide, 7 pieces imported Solies, 18 pieces 48-inch Brocades, 12 pieces fancy Biarritz Cloth, 48 inches wide, in small and large effects, 3 pieces Boucles, 16 pieces Crepons, 11 pieces 48-inch silk finished Henriettes; these goods are worth easily \$1.25, they will go quick at 59c.

At 69c.

4 pieces Crepe Taffetas, 5 pieces 46-inch Crepons, 3 pieces Moires, 2 pieces Corded Batiste, 2 pieces silk finished Solies, worth \$1.39; but 69c will move them.

At 75c.

Choice of 12 piece Crepons, worth \$1.50 and \$2.00. Come early for they will not last long at that price.

**Monday at 8 O'clock the Great Sale Begins.**

Our trade has been so large that it has forced us to send a buyer to market three times this season. Our Mr. J. L. Bass, who is now in New York, succeeded with the ready cash in hand, in getting many odd lots of goods at startling prices; he scooped in at less than half value desirable things in black wool Crepons, Serges and Henriettes, in wash dress goods, dimities, percales, ducks and shoes. This means much to our people as we can sell you cheaper than others purchased the same goods 30 days ago and still have a good profit.

Come Monday and every day next week to

3,162 pairs sample Shoes—purchased at 50 cents on the dollar—they consist (one pair of a kind) of almost every style and shape shoe made, in ladies', men's, boys', misses', children's and baby's shoes. Think of it. We own them at 50 cents on the dollar. Just half price. We place them on sale Monday at 63 cents on the dollar. This means instead of paying \$1.00 for a dollar shoe, just give us 63c and take it, as they are very desirable and many of the best makes, they will not last long. Come early.

**Shoes from Stock.**

75c Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, 49c.  
\$1.00 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, 72c.  
\$1.25 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, 88c.  
\$1.50 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, \$1.23.  
\$1.75 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, \$1.38.  
\$2.00 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, \$1.50.  
\$2.50 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, \$1.74.  
\$3.00 Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, \$1.98.  
\$1.50 Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots, 98c.  
\$1.75 Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots, \$1.38.  
\$2.00 Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots, \$1.48.

**Shoes from Stock.**

\$2.50 Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots, \$1.73.  
\$3.00 Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots, \$2.28.  
\$1.50 Men's fine Calf Shoes, only 98c.  
\$2.00 Men's fine Calf Shoes, only \$1.48.  
\$2.50 Men's fine Calf Shoes, \$1.76.  
\$3.00 Men's fine Calf Shoes, \$2.28.  
\$4.00 Men's fine Calf Shoes, \$2.97.  
\$6.00 Men's fine Calf Shoes, \$4.38.  
\$1.50 Men's fine Kid Oxfords, \$1.08.  
\$2.00 Men's fine Sandals, \$1.28.

**"THE LADIES' BAZAAR."****E. M. BASS & CO.****37 WHITEHALL STREET.****Colored Dress Goods.**

At 10c.

23 pieces fancy stripe, checks, and dresden effects in worsteds, worth 25c, this sale only 10c.

At 15c.

Big lot Armures and two tone Serges, worth 39c, only 15c.

At 19c.

20 pieces diagonals, French solies and wool mixtures, worth 39c, this sale, 19c.

At 25c.

42 inch fancy mixtures, all wool checks, and two tone Biarritz cloth cheap at 48c, only 25c.

At 29c.

10 pieces: all wool crepons in blues, browns, grays and evening shades, 44 inches wide, worth easily \$1, this sale 29c.

At 39c.

22 pieces 48 inch all wool crepons, heavy crinkle, all colors, true value, \$1.25, this sale 39c.

At 49c.

11 pieces illuminated Serges, 7 pieces all wool shepherd plaids, 9 pieces silk and wool mixtures in all colors, worth 89c, this sale 49c.

At 59c.

All wool plaids, basket cloths, solid colors, 6 pieces gray and brown camel's hair Serges, 12 pieces crepe jacquards, worth \$1.50, this sale 59c.

**Colored Dress Goods.**

At 69c.

All of our high grade imported suitings and silk and wool mixtures, worth up to \$2, this sale 69c.

For \$5.90.

All of our high grade novelty suits, worth from \$10 to \$15.

For \$6.90.

Your choice of our imported novelty suits, worth from \$15 to \$20.

For \$9.90.

Choice of any novelty suit, worth from \$20 to \$35.

**Silks. Silks. Silks.**

35c chinas only 19c, 33c kaikai wash silks only 23c, 50c evening shades in chinas 39c.

At 49c.

30-inch figured chinas, 16 pieces two and three tone checked taffetas, striped taffetas and dresden effects, worth 89c, this sale 49c.

At 98c.

Everything in high grade silks, dresden effect, taffeta Plisse, black satin duchesse silk back and front, black silk gros grain and armure, worth up to \$2, this sale only 98c.

**Remnants**

In silks at half price on center table during this sale.

**Linings****and Findings.**

Best 9 and 10 inch bunch Bones, 5c.  
Best Bone casing, 3 yds for 5c.  
Best 4 yds Velveteen bindings, 9c.  
Good Dress Shields, only 5c.  
Best patent Hook and Eyes only 5c.  
Good Hook and Eyes, only 1c.  
Good Waist Linings, only 5c.  
Best skirt Cambrics made 3 1-2c.  
Best plain and barred Crinolines 7c.  
Best linen grass cloth, only 9 1-2c.  
Gilbert's best Silesias, only 10c.  
Gilbert's best Percales, only 10c.  
Good Hair Cloth, only 8c.  
75c best Hair Cloth, only 49c.

**Linens.**

49c unbleached table Damask, only 25c.  
49c Turkey oiled red Damask, 25c.  
75c German Satin Damask, 49c.  
\$1 German Satin Damask, 75c.  
\$1.50 Best German Satin Damask, 98c.  
15c linen Towels, a hummer, 5c.  
25c all linen Towels, only 15c.  
48c Satin Damask Towels, 25c.  
75c all linen Napkins, only 49c.  
\$1 Satin Damask Napkins, 75c.  
\$1.50 Satin Damask Napkins, 98c.

**Embroideries**

One lot Embroideries, worth 15c, for 5c.  
One lot Embroideries, worth 19c, for 10c.  
One lot Embroideries, worth 39c, for 19c.  
25c dress Laces, this sale, 10c.  
39c dress Laces, this sale, 15c.  
50c dress Laces, this sale, 10c.  
15c linen torchon Laces, only 5c.  
25c linen torchon Laces, only 10c.  
35c doz Valenciennes Laces, only 19c.  
50c doz Valenciennes Laces, only 25c.

**and Laces.**

One lot Embroideries, worth 15c, for 5c.  
One lot Embroideries, worth 19c, for 10c.  
One lot Embroideries, worth 39c, for 19c.  
25c dress Laces, this sale, 10c.  
39c dress Laces, this sale, 15c.  
50c dress Laces, this sale, 10c.  
15c linen torchon Laces, only 5c.  
25c linen torchon Laces, only 10c.  
35c doz Valenciennes Laces, only 19c.  
50c doz Valenciennes Laces, only 25c.

**Wash Dress Goods**

25c Colored French Batiste for 5c.  
15c Zephyr Gingham only 5c.  
15c fast colored Sateens only 5c.  
15c Percales in 2 to 5 yard lengths, 7c.  
15c Plisses beautiful colors, 7 1-2c.  
15c Crepons, heavy crinkle, 7 1-2c.  
20c Jaconette Duchesse only 10c.  
25c Creponette, to close, 10c.  
25c Ducks, all color stripes, 10c.  
15c Percales, pretty styles, 10c.  
25c French Sateens only 10c.  
25c American Organdies, 10c.  
45c French Organdies only 25c.  
50c Swivel Silks only 25c.  
15c Seersuckers only 7c.

**Domestics.**

Remnants yard wide, good bleaching, 3c.  
Good yard wide Bleaching, 5c.  
Good yard wide Sheet only 4 1-2c.  
Best yard wide Fruit of the Loom, 6 3-4c.  
Best Lonsdale Cambrics, 9 1-2c.  
Best 46-inch Pepperell Casings, 10c.  
Best 10-4 Pepperell Sheetings, 16 3-4c.  
15c Outings, new colors, 8c.  
8c Scrims only 4c.  
15c Scrims, satin stripes, 10c.  
15c Silkolines, to close, 10c.  
Best indigo and oil red Prints, 4 1-2c.  
\$1.50 12-4 Counterpanes only 75c.  
\$2.00 12-4 Counterpanes only 98c.

**Shirt Waists.**

\$1.00 Ladies' Shirt Waists, 49c.  
\$1.48 Ladies' Shirt Waists, 98c.  
\$1.75 Ladies' Shirt Waists, \$1.25.  
These are made of the best Percale and made to fit.

**Umbrellas and Parasols.**

\$1 Gloria Umbrellas only 59c.  
\$2 Silk Umbrellas only 98c.  
\$2.50 Silk Umbrellas only \$1.48.  
\$2 pure white Parasols, 98c.  
\$2.50 white Parasols, with ruffle, \$1.25.  
\$3 pure white Parasols, \$1.75.  
\$3.50 pure white Parasols, \$1.98.  
\$2.50 black Silk Parasols, \$1.25.  
\$3.50 black Silk Parasols, \$1.98.  
\$4.98 black Silk Parasols, \$2.50.  
These are all grand values, purchased for less than they were worth, and we offer them to you at proportionate prices.

**REMEMBER—Our Secret Bargain from 10 to 11 O'clock Monday.**

**Notions.**

Hair pins 1c, basting cotton 1c a spool, 6 spools for 5c; linen thread 2c, pins 1c paper, whisk brooms 10c, towel rings 10c, 20c feather edge braids, 10c.

**Soaps, Soaps.**

Pure Castile Soap, only 2c.  
Mexican buttermilk Soap, 3 1-2c.  
Buttermilk complexion Soap, 5c.  
Watermelon Soap, only 7c.  
Pear's unscented Soaps, only 8c.

**Ribbons.**

Balance of our Ribbon stock at half price, to close.  
SEE OUR LACE CURTAINS.

**Hosiery.**

Ladies' full size black Hose, 5c.  
Ladies' seamless Hose, black and tan, worth easily double, 10c.  
39c Ladies' 40-gauge, Hermsdorf's dye, fast black Hose, spliced heel and toe, 10c.  
50c Ladies' fine black Hose, 25c.  
80c Ladies' silk and lisle Hose, 40c.  
\$1.50 Ladies' silk Hose, this sale, 75c.  
\$2.50 Ladies' silk Hose only \$1.25.  
\$3.50 Richardson's silk Hose only \$1.98.  
The above in all colors and black.  
One lot Children's Hose only 5c.  
One lot Children's fast dye Hose, special price this sale, 8 1-2c.  
25c Children's 3-4 Hose, tan and black, 15c.  
Children's fine Hose cheap.

**Gloves and Mitts.**

\$1.25 Kid Gloves, all colors, 69c.  
\$2.00 Kid Gloves, all sizes, 98c.  
These are in blacks, tans, whites and grays.  
75c Kayser patent Silk Gloves, 49c.  
\$1.00 Kayser patent Silk Gloves, 75c.  
50c Gauntlet Glove, only 15c.  
35c black Fabric Gloves, 15c.  
35c colored Fabric Gloves, 15c.  
49c All Silk Mitts, only 25c.  
75c All Silk Mitts, extra heavy, 49c.

**Special**

Prices on Corsets, Handkerchiefs, Art Goods, Draperies, White Goods, Ladies' Underwear, Veiling and Gossamers.

**Men's Fixings.**

50c unlaundered shirts only 25c.  
\$1 unlaundered shirts only 49c.  
This is the best unlaundered shirt made at any price.  
50c men's balbriggan undershirts 25c.  
\$2 men's suit balbriggan underwear, special this sale, 98c.  
\$1 Scriven elastic seam drawers, 75c.  
Men's seamless socks only 5c.  
25c men's Hermsdorf dye, 40 gauge full regular made socks, sells at 25c, this sale only 10c.  
19c washable four-in-hands 10c.  
15c white lawn bows only 5c.  
50c club house ties, this sale 25c.  
50c all silk four-in-hands, 25c.  
50c neck scarfs, new shape, 25c.  
25c pique four-in-hands only 10c.  
\$1 night shirts, best domestic, 49c.  
\$1.50 best cambric night shirt, 98c.  
25c anti Guyot suspenders, 25c.  
25c linen handkerchiefs only 15c.  
50c linen handkerchiefs only 25c.  
25c boy's shirt waist only 10c.  
All sizes from 3 to 15.  
\$1.50 boy's sailor suits, all sizes, this week's sale only 69c.  
\$2 boy's sailor suits with white, all sizes, this week's sale, only 89c.  
Fans cheap to open the season.

People read our "ads" because they contain facts only. Remember, we buy and sell for cash, and cash only. Mail orders filled day received. All goods delivered promptly in the city.

**"The Ladies' Bazaar."****E. M. BASS AND CO.****37 Whitehall Street.****EDUCATIONAL.**

**THE BERLITZ SCHOOL**  
OF  
LANGUAGES,  
10 E. Cain St.,  
FRENCH-GERMAN-SPANISH,  
Directors: L. Coche.

**SULLIVAN & CRICHTON'S**  
*Business College*  
AND SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND.  
The best and cheapest Business College in America.  
This short instruction thorough, 4 Pennmen.  
Big demand for graduates. Catalogue free.  
SULLIVAN & CRICHTON, River Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

**PORTRAITS**  
Figure and Landscape Painting  
**LESSONS**  
JAMES P. FIELD,  
65 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.  
Southern Art School.

If you want Wedding or Holiday Presents  
**IN PRETTY CHINA**  
—GO TO—  
**LYGETT'S, 83 1/2 Whitehall Street.**  
Lessons in China and Oil Painting. Art  
Materials for sale. White China for Decoration  
a specialty.

**GANNETT SCHOOL AGAIN.**  
All students, graduates or non-graduates,  
of Rev. George Gannett's school, at  
Pemberton square or Chester square, Boston,  
interested in forming an alumnae association  
are requested to be present at a  
meeting to be held for that purpose May  
27th, 4 p. m., at Hotel Vendome, Boston,  
Mass. Any one unable to attend, but interested,  
may send letter with address on  
that date to Mrs. Richard C. Humphreys,  
Hotel Vendome.

Dr. J. A. Childs. Dr. W. L. Champion.  
**DRS. CHILDS & CHAMPION,**  
Genito-urinary and rectal diseases. Rooms  
28 and 32 Fifth Building, Atlanta, Ga.  
apr 19-12m

**FINANCIAL.****COURAGEOUS INVESTMENT.****CAUTIOUS INVESTMENT.**

THE MONETARY TRUST IS A NEW  
financial institution, under authorization  
of the state of New York, which undertakes  
to aid its clients in the profitable  
use of money. It has no authority in law  
to transact business for its own account;  
and its officers, under no influence but  
the interests of its patrons. It is the only  
incorporated institution in the United  
States which is held by law in a disinterested  
and neutral position toward all investments.  
Banks and private individuals can place money under its guardianship  
and guidance at no expense except  
simple commission on transactions finally  
agreed upon and consummated. Cautious  
investors, heretofore bewildered by the  
representations of those interested in the  
securities they offer, will be aided from a  
neutral standpoint in selecting investments  
which yield the highest rates of interest  
consistent with safety. If speculative investors  
will abandon the vain effort to accumulate  
profits from temporary market fluctuations,  
they will find this institution a refuge  
and protection, wherein they may secure the intellectual cooperation  
of men of financial education and experience,  
who make finance a profession  
and treat money making as an applied  
science. Speculation cannot be made certain,  
but our trustees believe that worthy  
securities, at this juncture, more nearly  
combine safety with large promise than  
has been the case before for some years,  
and this institution is the best medium  
which modern finance has yet developed  
through which given sums can be  
thoughtfully subjected to the risks necessary  
to the rapid accumulation of money.  
Interest allowed on deposits. Securities  
carried on margin.  
Francis D. Carley, president.  
Hon. Pat Cahoon, legal adviser.  
Robert M. Jarvis, treasurer.  
Full information upon application.  
F. A. ROSENKATZ, Secretary,  
50 Broadway, New York.

**THE ST. DENIS**

Broadway and Eleventh St.,  
Opposite Grace Church, . . . NEW YORK.  
**EUROPEAN PLAN.**

Rooms \$1 per day and upwards.  
"There is an atmosphere of home comfort  
and hospitable treatment at the St. Denis  
which is rarely met with in a public house  
and which irresistibly draws you there as often as you turn your face  
toward New York." may 19-3m sun

**THERE IS NO REASON FOR IT!**

In these times of enterprise there is no reason for paying extravagant prices for inferior goods. There is no reason, either, for not saving money and becoming a bank depositor. The stepping-stone to wealth is economy. The stepping-stone to economy is this store. There is no reason why you shouldn't shop here.

**BEAUTY—QUALITY—PRICES**

The stocks we show were never more crowded with beautiful goods than at present. Manufacturers have vied with each other in the production of exquisite fabrics, and the artists and designers have evolved rich and most tasteful results. The artistic showing of Clothing is a well-spring of pleasure to the buyer, and the economic conditions are decidedly attractive.

**LIKE THE RUNNING TIDES**

Unusual price presentations in this store are like the running tides—the come regularly. It requires enterprise and courage to make daily bargains, but the enterprise and courage of this house are like the running tides, because they never falter in their great work. The bargains this week resemble running tides wealth—running towards you.

*Eads-Steel Co.*

**BEAUTIFUL PICNIC GROUNDS**

For Picnic Parties, on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad.

Pearl Lake is only thirty-nine miles from Atlanta—one hour's ride—and is situated in a beautiful grove of large oaks, the surrounding lands beautifully covered with grass. The lake of clear spring water covers thirteen acres, has boathouses and rowboats and is also stocked with game fish. Fishing, boat riding and bathing are all free to the excursionist, thus offering to the pleasure seeker for a day's outing one of the most attractive spots in middle Georgia. These grounds are kept in most beautiful order. A new and large pavilion, 40x80 feet, has been recently erected, thus adding another to the many attractions of this place.  
On application to the representatives of the Atlanta and West Point railroad in formation will be gladly furnished, the grounds shown and pleasure taken in making any arrangements for parties who desire pleasant and convenient picnicking grounds.  
JOHN A. GEE,  
G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.

**J. P. O'Donnelly,**  
PIANO AND ORGAN LESSONS,  
STUDIO—54 WALTON ST.  
sun tues thurs sun

The Shortest Possible and Most Direct Route  
From the South and Atlanta to Chicago via  
**NASHVILLE AND EVANSVILLE**  
Over the L. & N., E. & T. H., C. & E. I. R. & the  
Solid Vestibled Trains with Elegant Dining Service.  
TAKE THE "NASHVILLE & CHICAGO LIMITED."  
FOR  
**CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,**  
AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE WEST, NORTH AND NORTH-WEST  
WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN SUMMER RESORTS.  
Booklets fully describing the route and rates, and  
E. M. CUTLER, G. P. A., 41 N. WASHINGTON ST., ATLANTA, GA.  
EVANSVILLE, IND.

**RAILROAD SCHEDULES.**

Showing the Arrival and Departure of Trains from This City—Central Time.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA.			
From	To	Time	From
From Savannah	To Atlanta	8:30 am	To Savannah
From Jacksonville	To Atlanta	9:00 am	To Jacksonville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	9:15 am	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	9:30 am	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	9:45 am	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	10:00 am	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	10:15 am	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	10:30 am	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	10:45 am	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	11:00 am	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	11:15 am	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	11:30 am	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	11:45 am	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	12:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	12:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	12:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	12:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	1:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	1:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	1:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	1:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	2:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	2:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	2:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	2:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	3:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	3:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	3:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	3:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	4:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	4:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	4:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	4:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	5:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	5:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	5:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	5:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	6:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	6:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	6:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	6:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	7:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	7:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	7:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	7:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	8:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	8:15 pm	To Marietta
From Dalton	To Atlanta	8:30 pm	To Dalton
From Albany	To Atlanta	8:45 pm	To Albany
From Hapeville	To Atlanta	9:00 pm	To Hapeville
From Marietta	To Atlanta	9:15 pm	To Marietta











## ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Conductors to Spend Sunday as Guests  
of the Chattanooga Division.

\$25,000 APPROPRIATED YESTERDAY

It Goes to Those Conductors Who  
Suffered in the Lehigh Strike.

## A DETAILED HISTORY OF THE ORDER

How It Has Grown from a Weak Organiza-  
tion to One of the Strongest  
Among Labor Unions.

ON LOOKOUT THE  
conductors will gather  
this morning. Gazing  
from the summit  
of the mountain the  
grandeur of southern  
scenery will be point-  
ed out. From there  
they will be carried  
to the scene of  
bloody battle and all  
the historic spots  
about Chickamauga  
and the national park  
will be visited.

The regular session yesterday afternoon  
was taken up mainly in the discussion of  
dry details, but there was one question  
sprang to which the order responded  
promptly and generously.

The amount of \$25,000 was appropriated  
for the benefit of those conductors who  
were affected by the Lehigh Valley strike.  
This appropriation will be turned over to  
the board of directors and will be dis-  
tributed as soon as possible.

The fight for the permanent location of  
headquarters, which it was thought would  
be opened up again, was not made. The  
Toledo delegates remained quiet during the  
session and made no attempt to have the  
matter reconsidered. They declare, how-  
ever, that they have not given up the fight  
and are evidently preparing for a coup  
d'état. Last night at 12 o'clock over two  
hundred delegates took sleepers and left  
for the Chattanooga trip.

The convention will probably remain in  
session until Saturday, as there is much  
business of importance yet to be attended  
to. Those conductors who did not leave  
for Chattanooga will be welcomed at the  
Young Men's Christian Association during  
the day and to the exercises in the after-  
noon. All will be out at church.

## The Programme Today.

The programme for the rest of the week  
is as follows:  
Monday, May 20th—After the regular  
meeting there will be nothing for the after-  
noon except a baseball game between At-  
lanta and New Orleans at Athletic park.  
The delegates of the Lehigh Valley strike  
will be given a carriage ride, weather per-  
mitting, at 2:30 o'clock, starting from the Ar-  
agon, by the Golden Rod division 42. At  
3:30 o'clock the Ladies' Auxiliary will  
confer the "Oh, Why?" degree.

Tuesday, May 21st—Street car ride to  
East Lake at 9:30 o'clock a. m., over the  
Traction Company's line, starting from the  
corner of Marietta and Forsyth streets, via  
the Aragon hotel. This is tendered the mem-  
bers of the ladies' auxiliary and visiting  
ladies by Mrs. W. W. Long, of division 42.  
There is no programme for the afternoon  
except a baseball game between  
Atlanta and New Orleans.

Wednesday, May 22nd—Street car trip to  
Westview cemetery at 9:30 o'clock to start  
from the corner of Marietta and Broad  
streets. Baseball in the afternoon between  
Atlanta and New Orleans.

## FOR THE CONDUCTORS WHO STRUCK.

The afternoon session occupied with  
the Lehigh Valley strike.

The bi-annual ball of the night before had  
exhausted the energies of the conductors  
and there was nothing on the programme  
of entertainment during the morning.  
It was a fatigued, bedraggled looking  
crowd that straggled into the corridor of  
the Kimball at noon and began to discuss  
the prospects of the fight for the per-  
manent location of the headquarters and  
the business before the convention for  
the day.

The Toledo delegation were there in  
force. They had been to a photographer's,  
where a group picture was struck, with  
Brownworth, the buckeye man, in the middle.

This Brownworth, by the way, has been  
the picturesque figure of the convention.  
He has an eye to beauty and appears  
each day in a costume unique and original.  
"I have trousers that are patented.  
There are no buttons on them. See? All  
you've got to do is to jump in them and  
pull them about you. It's the easiest  
thing in the world."

Brownworth had on his pants yesterday  
and lifted his voice in behalf of his native  
town right nobly.

It was thought yesterday morning that  
the fight would be made again on the  
question of removing the headquarters  
from Cedar Rapids to the present session.  
The Toledo delegation decided to postpone  
matters.

When the afternoon session was called  
at 4 o'clock the first question to arise  
was the discussion of the appropriation for  
the sufferers during the strike of the con-  
ductors and railway men in Lehigh valley.  
This strike is one of the most memorable  
in the records of the order. It occurred  
in November, 1893, and originally arose  
over the discharge of two members from  
the committee of Brotherhood Firemen  
and one member of the committee of the  
Order of Railway Telegraphers.

During the summer previous a schedule  
of rules had been agreed upon between  
the road and its employees in which there  
was a clause providing that the road would  
consider any complaint that sufficient time  
was given after the notice of the grievance.

A complaint was made by the men and  
the agreement broken, so it was claimed by  
the road.

There was a committee appointed to  
consider the matter with the authorities.  
The division superintendent, Rollin Wil-  
bur, was appointed to, but he refused to  
meet the men. It was the policy of the  
railway men to avoid a strike if possible  
and Manager Voorhees was called upon to  
take up the matter, but he ratified the ac-  
tion of the other officers and the matter  
was in its first shape.

Then the men appealed to the president  
of the road, who is the father of Superin-  
tendent Wilbur, but he was also of the  
opinion that the action of the other au-  
thorities was right. Then a conference  
of the authorities of the road was called  
to discuss the question as to whether the  
agreement had been violated.

The officers of the railway men were  
called to. There was every effort made to  
avoid a strike but all proved in vain.

The strike was declared and a large  
number of men left work. This was in the  
last part of November, 1893, and the strike  
was carried on with varying success until  
December 6th.

By common consent, then, it was placed  
in the hands of the board of mediation and ar-  
bitration of New York and New Jersey. A  
decision was reached which the railway  
orders considered a victory for them as the  
provision that the complaint made to the  
road should have been considered. The  
point at issue was the right of the men to  
be heard, and this was gained.

There was no great disturbance during  
the strike. It was a determined fight with-  
out violence or disorder. During the while  
the officers of the unions were on the ground  
and did all in their power to restore peace.

## TALK OF THE RAIL.

Stories Told by Delegates to the O. R. C.  
Convention.

## LIFE ON THE VARIOUS LINES

Sad Tale from Mexico of the Bath  
That Failed.

FINED FOR FALLING OFF A TRAIN

Forty-Four Feet of Snow Couldn't Stop the  
Sensational and Dramatic  
Conductor of All.

Grand Chief Conductor Clark was there  
and remained until the final settlement.  
They Lost Their Jobs.

As a result of this strike those conductors  
who had taken part were thrown out of  
employment. In the Order of Railway  
Conductors there were about 180 men who  
were relieved of their jobs.  
Since then about one hundred have been  
reinstated, but there are a number who are  
still in want from the effects of the strike,  
and it was for these that the action was  
taken by the convention yesterday.

Delegate Doogan, from Manchuck, and  
Delegate Duffy, from Scranton, were the  
champions of the measure. They were both  
active in the passage of the motion, and  
made interesting and telling remarks.  
This question occupied the time of the con-  
vention until late in the afternoon, as there  
were many who wished to speak.

## A HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

How the Railway Conductors Started  
Their Organization.

The growth of the Order of Railway Con-  
ductors has been remarkable—almost phre-  
nominal. Its history is interesting.  
It was the action of the Brotherhood of  
Engineers which first caused the other  
classes of railway labor to do some serious  
thinking over the matter. They were not  
long in following the example of this set.  
Among these were the conductors who saw  
the advantages of association and were de-  
termined to be up with the head of the labor  
movement.

Accordingly, a number of the "knights of  
the punch," living at Mandala, Ill., held a  
meeting in July, 1888, and formed the first  
division of the conductors' brotherhood.

There were only twelve of these gentle-  
men, and they took upon themselves some  
grave responsibilities, as the feeling toward  
the organization was anything but cordial  
in those days, but they knew that they were  
working for a just cause and had faith  
that they would reap a due recompense.  
That this faith was well founded not one  
who has visited the grand division reunion,  
this session will have any doubt. They  
struggled along with poor success for a  
number of years, there being no other  
divisions in 1878, when W. P. Daniels was  
elected grand secretary and treasurer to  
succeed J. C. W. Long, of Fort Wayne, Ind.  
At that time the name of the organization  
was changed from the Order of Railway  
Conductors, and under that title it has  
lived and flourished ever since. It was at  
this time also that the permanent membership  
was created; all members that attended the  
sessions of the grand division being made  
permanent members of that body. This cus-  
tom has since been abolished. At this time  
the order was known as the Order of Rail-  
way Conductors, and the records were in such  
a shape that it was practically impossible to  
ascertain the actual amount of the indebted-  
ness.

In spite of the fact that his position was  
practically honorary, Secretary Daniel felt  
so much interest in it that he advanced  
money from his own pocket to keep it go-  
ing. The total membership was then four  
hundred and the members who carried in-  
surance was less than one hundred.

John B. Montford was elected grand chief,  
and under the new administration the or-  
ganization at once began to take on new  
life. The session of the grand division for  
1888 was held in St. Louis, when it was  
found that the membership had been dou-  
bled. The only change at this meeting was  
the election of C. S. Wheaton as grand  
chief. Mr. Daniel being retained as secre-  
tary. There was no opposition.

It was at this meeting that a committee  
was appointed to revise the constitution  
and report at Buffalo the following year.  
Mr. Daniel, the retiring secretary, had  
charge of this work, and the constitution  
was practically as it is today.

This document, of course, with the years  
that have followed, has been changed and  
amended but today it remains practically  
the same as it was then. The order has  
been growing steadily until this time, and  
for the first time in the history of the  
order the report of the grand secretary  
showed that the order was out of debt. Un-  
der the new constitution the insurance de-  
partment was reorganized. There were  
now two hundred policies out at the time.

The new constitution was the factor in  
the organization which infused new life into  
everything, and it started forward with a  
sudden impulse which has increased ever  
since.

At the meeting held in Rochester in 1890  
E. E. Clark was chosen grand chief con-  
ductor to succeed Mr. Wheaton, who, up to  
that time, had held the position of grand  
chief. Mr. Daniel continued to hold the  
position of secretary until the present ses-  
sion. During his regime he has watched  
the order grow from four hundred to more  
than twenty thousand in membership, and  
the insurance department from one hun-  
dred to thirteen thousand.

From the debt of \$3,000, which hung over  
the organization for the years of its trial,  
the treasury has now more than \$200,000 in  
the various funds. Since the organization  
all the insurance claims, amounting to  
nearly \$2,000,000, have been paid, and a sur-  
plus on hand of about \$30,000. This is a  
splendid showing and entitles the Order  
of Railway Conductors to the front rank of  
the large organizations of the world.

The defeat of Mr. Daniel was one of the  
great surprises of the convention, and caused  
a profound sensation throughout  
the brotherhood. Mart Clancey, of  
Kent, is a good man, and will, after the  
adjournment of the convention, take charge  
of the finances.

Mr. Daniel has very little to say over his  
defeat.

"I have done what I could for the order,"  
he said, "and have no reason to regret my  
work."

## FOR THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Unique Entertainment Will Be Given  
at Mrs. Hammond's Thursday.

The week promises many social events  
of which the women of the city will be  
the musical reception given for the ben-  
efit of the woman's board at the beautiful  
home of Judge W. R. Hammond, on Wash-  
ington street, will be the first of a series  
of entertainments. This evening will be  
bring together the culture and refinement  
of the city, for a most interesting pro-  
gramme has been prepared which will in-  
clude the best of musical talent, and local  
and cakes will be served in the most  
charming way possible. Something de-  
cidedly unique is promised as a part of the  
entertainment.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

## TALK OF THE RAIL.

Stories Told by Delegates to the O. R. C.  
Convention.

## LIFE ON THE VARIOUS LINES

Sad Tale from Mexico of the Bath  
That Failed.

FINED FOR FALLING OFF A TRAIN

Forty-Four Feet of Snow Couldn't Stop the  
Sensational and Dramatic  
Conductor of All.

Grand Chief Conductor Clark was there  
and remained until the final settlement.  
They Lost Their Jobs.

As a result of this strike those conductors  
who had taken part were thrown out of  
employment. In the Order of Railway  
Conductors there were about 180 men who  
were relieved of their jobs.  
Since then about one hundred have been  
reinstated, but there are a number who are  
still in want from the effects of the strike,  
and it was for these that the action was  
taken by the convention yesterday.

Delegate Doogan, from Manchuck, and  
Delegate Duffy, from Scranton, were the  
champions of the measure. They were both  
active in the passage of the motion, and  
made interesting and telling remarks.  
This question occupied the time of the con-  
vention until late in the afternoon, as there  
were many who wished to speak.

## A HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

How the Railway Conductors Started  
Their Organization.

The growth of the Order of Railway Con-  
ductors has been remarkable—almost phre-  
nominal. Its history is interesting.  
It was the action of the Brotherhood of  
Engineers which first caused the other  
classes of railway labor to do some serious  
thinking over the matter. They were not  
long in following the example of this set.  
Among these were the conductors who saw  
the advantages of association and were de-  
termined to be up with the head of the labor  
movement.

Accordingly, a number of the "knights of  
the punch," living at Mandala, Ill., held a  
meeting in July, 1888, and formed the first  
division of the conductors' brotherhood.

There were only twelve of these gentle-  
men, and they took upon themselves some  
grave responsibilities, as the feeling toward  
the organization was anything but cordial  
in those days, but they knew that they were  
working for a just cause and had faith  
that they would reap a due recompense.  
That this faith was well founded not one  
who has visited the grand division reunion,  
this session will have any doubt. They  
struggled along with poor success for a  
number of years, there being no other  
divisions in 1878, when W. P. Daniels was  
elected grand secretary and treasurer to  
succeed J. C. W. Long, of Fort Wayne, Ind.  
At that time the name of the organization  
was changed from the Order of Railway  
Conductors, and under that title it has  
lived and flourished ever since. It was at  
this time also that the permanent membership  
was created; all members that attended the  
sessions of the grand division being made  
permanent members of that body. This cus-  
tom has since been abolished. At this time  
the order was known as the Order of Rail-  
way Conductors, and the records were in such  
a shape that it was practically impossible to  
ascertain the actual amount of the indebted-  
ness.

In spite of the fact that his position was  
practically honorary, Secretary Daniel felt  
so much interest in it that he advanced  
money from his own pocket to keep it go-  
ing. The total membership was then four  
hundred and the members who carried in-  
surance was less than one hundred.

John B. Montford was elected grand chief,  
and under the new administration the or-  
ganization at once began to take on new  
life. The session of the grand division for  
1888 was held in St. Louis, when it was  
found that the membership had been dou-  
bled. The only change at this meeting was  
the election of C. S. Wheaton as grand  
chief. Mr. Daniel being retained as secre-  
tary. There was no opposition.

It was at this meeting that a committee  
was appointed to revise the constitution  
and report at Buffalo the following year.  
Mr. Daniel, the retiring secretary, had  
charge of this work, and the constitution  
was practically as it is today.

This document, of course, with the years  
that have followed, has been changed and  
amended but today it remains practically  
the same as it was then. The order has  
been growing steadily until this time, and  
for the first time in the history of the  
order the report of the grand secretary  
showed that the order was out of debt. Un-  
der the new constitution the insurance de-  
partment was reorganized. There were  
now two hundred policies out at the time.

The new constitution was the factor in  
the organization which infused new life into  
everything, and it started forward with a  
sudden impulse which has increased ever  
since.

At the meeting held in Rochester in 1890  
E. E. Clark was chosen grand chief con-  
ductor to succeed Mr. Wheaton, who, up to  
that time, had held the position of grand  
chief. Mr. Daniel continued to hold the  
position of secretary until the present ses-  
sion. During his regime he has watched  
the order grow from four hundred to more  
than twenty thousand in membership, and  
the insurance department from one hun-  
dred to thirteen thousand.

From the debt of \$3,000, which hung over  
the organization for the years of its trial,  
the treasury has now more than \$200,000 in  
the various funds. Since the organization  
all the insurance claims, amounting to  
nearly \$2,000,000, have been paid, and a sur-  
plus on hand of about \$30,000. This is a  
splendid showing and entitles the Order  
of Railway Conductors to the front rank of  
the large organizations of the world.

The defeat of Mr. Daniel was one of the  
great surprises of the convention, and caused  
a profound sensation throughout  
the brotherhood. Mart Clancey, of  
Kent, is a good man, and will, after the  
adjournment of the convention, take charge  
of the finances.

Mr. Daniel has very little to say over his  
defeat.

"I have done what I could for the order,"  
he said, "and have no reason to regret my  
work."

## FOR THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Unique Entertainment Will Be Given  
at Mrs. Hammond's Thursday.

The week promises many social events  
of which the women of the city will be  
the musical reception given for the ben-  
efit of the woman's board at the beautiful  
home of Judge W. R. Hammond, on Wash-  
ington street, will be the first of a series  
of entertainments. This evening will be  
bring together the culture and refinement  
of the city, for a most interesting pro-  
gramme has been prepared which will in-  
clude the best of musical talent, and local  
and cakes will be served in the most  
charming way possible. Something de-  
cidedly unique is promised as a part of the  
entertainment.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Ham-  
mond is one of the handsomest in the city  
with appropriate decorations in the way of  
flowers and the brilliant throng who will  
attend the reception, and local and cakes  
will be served in the most charming way  
possible. Something decidedly unique is  
promised as a part of the affair is sure to  
be a gratifying success.

## TALK OF THE RAIL.

Stories Told by Delegates to the O. R. C.  
Convention.

## LIFE ON THE VARIOUS LINES

Sad Tale from Mexico of the Bath  
That Failed.

FINED FOR FALLING OFF A TRAIN

Forty-Four Feet of Snow Couldn't Stop the  
Sensational and Dramatic  
Conductor of All.

Grand Chief Conductor Clark was there  
and remained until the final settlement.  
They Lost Their Jobs.

As a result of this strike those conductors  
who had taken part were thrown out of  
employment. In the Order of Railway  
Conductors there were about 180 men who  
were relieved of their jobs.  
Since then about one hundred have been  
reinstated, but there are a number who are  
still in want from the effects of the strike,  
and it was for these that the action was  
taken by the convention yesterday.

Delegate Doogan, from Manchuck, and  
Delegate Duffy, from Scranton, were the  
champions of the measure. They were both  
active in the passage of the motion, and  
made interesting and telling remarks.  
This question occupied the time of the con-  
vention until late in the afternoon, as there  
were many who wished to speak.

## A HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

How the Railway Conductors Started  
Their Organization.

The growth of the Order of Railway Con-  
ductors has been remarkable—almost phre-  
nominal. Its history is interesting.  
It was the action of the Brotherhood of  
Engineers which first caused the other  
classes of railway labor to do some serious  
thinking over the matter. They were not  
long in following the example of this set.  
Among these were the conductors who saw  
the advantages of association and were de-  
termined to be up with the head of the labor  
movement.

Accordingly, a number of the "knights of  
the punch," living at Mandala, Ill., held a  
meeting in July, 1888, and formed the first  
division of the conductors' brotherhood.

There were only twelve of these gentle-  
men, and they took upon themselves some  
grave responsibilities, as the feeling toward  
the organization was anything but cordial  
in those days, but they knew that they were  
working for a just cause and had faith  
that they would reap a due recompense.  
That this faith was well founded not one  
who has visited the grand division reunion,  
this session will have any doubt. They  
struggled along with poor success for a  
number of years, there being no other  
divisions in 1878, when W. P. Daniels was  
elected grand secretary and treasurer to  
succeed J. C. W. Long, of Fort Wayne, Ind.  
At that time the name of the organization  
was changed from the Order of Railway  
Conductors, and under that title it has  
lived and flourished ever since. It was at  
this time also that the permanent membership  
was created; all members that attended the  
sessions of the grand division being made  
permanent members of that body. This cus-  
tom has since been abolished. At this time  
the order was known as the Order of Rail-  
way Conductors, and the records were in such  
a shape that it was practically impossible to  
ascertain the actual amount of the indebted-  
ness.

In spite of the fact that his position was  
practically honorary, Secretary Daniel felt  
so much interest in it that he advanced  
money from his own pocket to keep it go-  
ing. The total membership was then four  
hundred and the members who carried in-  
surance was less than one hundred.

John B. Montford was elected grand chief,  
and under the new administration the or-  
ganization at once began to take on new  
life. The session of the grand division for  
1888 was held in St. Louis, when it was  
found that the membership had been dou-  
bled. The only change at this meeting was  
the election of C. S. Wheaton as grand  
chief. Mr. Daniel being retained as secre-  
tary. There was no opposition.

It was at this meeting that a committee  
was appointed to revise the constitution  
and report at Buffalo the following year.  
Mr. Daniel, the retiring secretary, had  
charge of this work, and the constitution  
was practically as it is today.

This document, of course, with the years  
that have followed, has been changed and  
amended but today it remains practically  
the same as it was then. The order has  
been growing steadily until this time, and  
for the first time in the history of the  
order the report of the grand secretary  
showed that the order was out of debt. Un-  
der the new constitution the insurance de-  
partment was reorganized. There were  
now two hundred policies out at the time.

The new constitution was the factor in  
the organization which infused new life into  
everything, and it started forward with a  
sudden impulse which has increased ever  
since.

At the meeting held in Rochester in 1890  
E. E. Clark was chosen grand chief con-  
ductor to succeed Mr. Wheaton, who, up to  
that time, had held the position of grand  
chief. Mr. Daniel continued to hold the  
position of secretary until the present ses-  
sion. During his regime he has watched  
the order grow from four hundred to more  
than twenty thousand in membership, and  
the insurance department from one hun-  
dred to thirteen thousand.

From the debt of \$3,000, which hung over  
the organization for the years of its trial,  
the treasury has now more than \$200,000 in  
the various funds. Since the organization  
all the insurance claims, amounting to  
nearly \$2,000,000, have been paid, and a sur-  
plus on hand of about \$30,000. This is a  
splendid showing and entitles the Order  
of Railway Conductors





There's not a single item lacking in our Shoe Department to make it the place of all places for you to patronize. It has been enlarged and rearranged with a view to attain the highest degree of comfort and convenience for the shopping throngs who continually crowd it. Women buying Men's Shoes--that's an hourly happening at this store. Saturday some sixty women bought sixty pairs of Men's Shoes. A man would, perhaps, have gone into an exclusive Shoe store and paid, the chances are, a dollar more per pair. The woman, wiser, came direct to where she buys Dry Goods. She knows that those who do not overcharge her in such things will not overcharge her in Shoes. This sort of woman's reasoning will stand against stacks of man's know-all-but-never-get-his-money's-worth kind of trading.

## The Leader

Keely's "Leader" \$2 Shoes--we want to keep them constantly and prominently before the public. Look outside, examine inside, turn them around, bend them over, stand in them, walk in them, no odds how the test is put, they'll come up smiling every time. Soft, elastic. Show no sign of slimpiness anywhere. Not a hint of faithlessness in the leather. If there be more dependable Shoes in America, at the price, we have yet to find it out, and we generally find out things as quick as anybody. Are unquestionably a trade triumph at \$2.

## The Wear-Well

If we consider a Shoe good enough to advertise, you can rely upon it's being worth buying. No Shoe is worth anything which is not worth MUCH; nor can it be called serviceable until it has been worn and found not wanting.

### Our Wear-Well \$3.00

Shoes in black or tan, including ten styles of toes, is standard and staple--an ideal Shoe for any man. They are hand-wetted and have a value solid as wheat.

## Ziegler Bros.

For fine trade we've selected Ziegler Bros.' products because they are the best. We don't know of any as good, or near so good. They render the longest service, they fit the foot more gracefully, they are sold more reasonably, they permit of a guarantee going with each pair. Are not these reasons all-powerful? We think so.

## Strapped Sandals

They have the call just now, and our stock is replete with the most popular effects. Pretty and graceful, and the cost remarkably cheap. The neatest, noblest, natiest styles for summer that were ever out. If you haven't seen our Oxfords and Newports, of all grades, you have missed the best thing of the world. The chance is not over.

## Spring-Heels

Our stupendous show of Spring-Heel Shoes for women, misses and children may set you thinking. It took money and pluck to collect such a stock. All claims of favorable comparison by competitors are too absurd for serious consideration. The price list would be uninteresting reading. We avoid it.

## KEELY COMPANY

The active daily work which is crowding our counters with Cottons, Woolens and Mixed Fabrics, radiant with the latest woven arts of Europe, Asia and America is complete proof of the truth of our assertion that the collection gathered beneath this roof is superior to any single stock in the South. The great numbers of early seekers in various aisles for the regnant things, increasing each season, shows the appreciation of the wisest and most tasteful people of our city. Even now the specialties are being picked up and carried away. There is constantly fresh news of a rich sort at the Dress Goods Counters.

**White Goods.** The filmy wings of beautiful White Goods were spread to the trade wind last Monday. They were powerful and impetuous in their life of the business of that and succeeding days. An immense variety of the choicest stuffs to be sold at 25 to 40 per cent less than normal value will, of course, continue to draw a throng of animated buyers.

Checked Nainsook.....	5c to 25c	Every
Plain Nainsook.....	25c to 40c	Item
Plain English Nainsook.....	20c to 50c	Is
French Nainsook, 48 in.....	25c to 60c	Worth
English Long Cloth.....	12c to 25c	Much
India Linen, 32 to 40 in.....	10c to 25c	More
Batiste Claire.....	20c to 50c	Than
Masalia, 40 in, wide.....	35c to 60c	Quoted.
Checked Egyptian Dimity.....	15c to 40c	Rare
Striped Egyptian Dimity.....	25c to 50c	Chances,
Dotted White Swiss.....	15c to 60c	Sure.
French Organdie, 68 in.....	39c to 75c	
Revere Striped India Linen.....	12c to 35c	
Mull Checks.....	12c to 40c	
Linen Lawn, 36 in.....	40c to 60c	

The quick-step sale of White Goods and needful things for early Spring Sewing hasn't slackened a jot--except as bad weather put the brake on a bit. Every attractive feature of the past few days still holds good. And we are adding all the time. No matter what you find today, tomorrow here's likely to be something quite as desirable that you haven't seen before. Only the most perfect organization and taking advantage of every favorable turn in the market make such prices possible.

**Printed Cottons.** Prices are in sympathy with the mercury. Both have dropped. The volume and variety of the stock are wonderful. A cyclone of Cottons. A carload seems like a handful on Monday. Every kind plentiful; only have a little patience. Yardsticks can't fly or scissors flash faster.....

Granada Woven Batiste, a fine, sheer fabric with delicately tinted grounds and contrasting stripes, worth 5c; our price.....10c

Crown Dimities, colored grounds with myriad mingled designs, and 40-inch Batiste in figures and stripes, worth 20c; our price.....12 1-2c

Colored Dotted Swisses, all the Summer time shades, and Diagonal Striped Broche London Lawns, worth 20c; our price.....15c

Plain, Striped and Checked Black Lawns, warranted not to fade, worth up to 40c; our prices 10c, 15c and.....20c

## Regular Bonanza

5,000 YARDS

## Manufacturers' Clippings

These are trade trophies on the center counters. Muslins, Lawns, Dimities, Penangs and a host of other sturdy stuffs in lengths from 2 to 10 yards. They are elegant, light and veritable wonders of weave wit, worth from 15c to 25c; your choice at.....10c

## Printed Cottons from 3c to 8c

Styles into the hundreds. Rhode Island Gingham with a royal color range; heaps of Challies; breezy Swiss Batiste; Crepons--airiest and brightest of all; Striped Plisse, handsome and strong, in the newest crinkles and colors; Percaloes--so pretty, so firm, so cheap..... Thirty dozen different effects and designs to be seen in the display. Character and beauty expressed in every fold and price 3c to 8c the yard.

## Embroideries

Just the dainty Swiss Embroideries that chime in with the times. For a dime or so you can get the fairest, dreamiest, neatest Edgings ever offered for the money in this market--every added penny buys more art and elegance up to as high as you care to go. Only a dull mind can refuse interest in our Embroideries. They are beautiful and peerless! Filmy Mulls and sheer stitch-rich Cambrics like miniature mountains of seafoam. Marvelously beautiful Hamburgs, but they are late comers--belated on the way. Arrived too late to fall into line as their rank warrants. You are the gainer. Widths worth anywhere 10c, 15c and 20c shall go to the block. The prices are 5c, 7 1/2c and 9c. The money you save at our Embroidery counter on each purchase might just as well come from a Fortunatus' purse.

## Fans and Parasols.

Any kind of Fan, firm or folding, that you care to flutter. Square, round, oval and other odd shapes. These are in center of the aisle. Another flight of finer, fancier Fans, including the richest feather and the daintiest gauze and satin, is at opposite counter. Our Parasol victories are unparalleled. Recent improvements give you opportunity to examine the stock with ease, but remember the pleasant conveniences cost you nothing.

## Bargains in Silks.

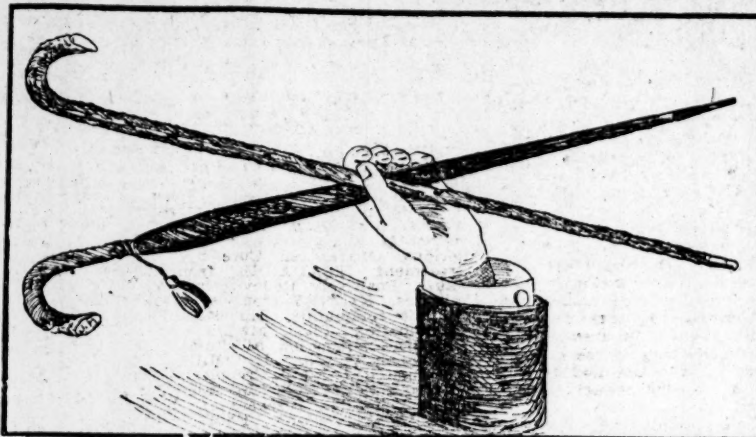
Plain Black Indias.....	39c
Silk-figured Black Indias.....	49c
Striped Grecian Crepes.....	60c
Shepherd Plaid Taffetas.....	98c
Swiss Checks and Plaids in Rustle Taffeta, Striped Satins, Ratchet Silks, Novelty Pompadour, Cameo Faconne Silks, Black Armures, Satin Duchesse, Rhadimirs, Gros Grains and Self-figured Peau d' Soies, worth up to \$1.50; Our price only.....	73c

## Waists and Duck Suits.

In many ways and directions we have made strenuous and successful efforts to make these the best and biggest stocks of the sort in the South. Pause in the broad spaces of their respective departments tomorrow and study the result of our work. Prices tell the story.

## KEELY COMPANY

## GIVEN AWAY



FREE!

To every person ordering a Suit of Clothes of us this week.

## A Tanned Kid Covered Silk Umbrella

like cut above.

To every person ordering a pair of Trousers in our house this week we give a handsome Cane like the cut below. Our prices reduced to close out all Spring goods.

Suits made to order from

**\$16.00 to \$35.00**

Pants made to order from

**\$4.00 to \$10.00**

The Tan Kid Covered Umbrella, actual value \$5, goes free to every person ordering a Suit of us this week.

The Cane with every pair of Trousers ordered.

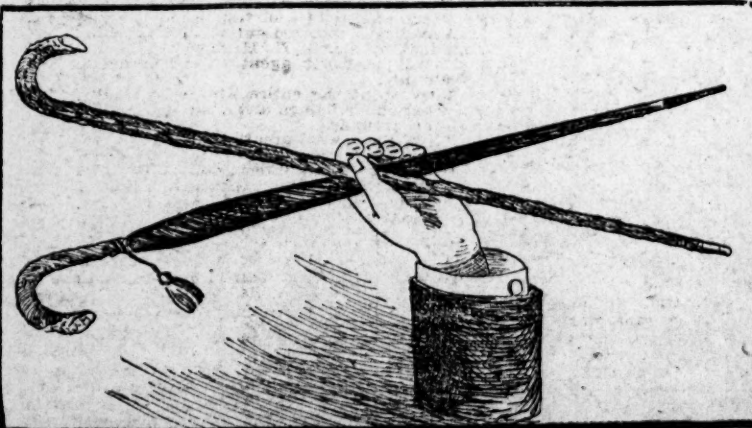
This offer is made for one week only, beginning Monday, May 20th.

Samples of both Cane and Umbrella can be seen in our show windows.

Order your Clothing of us and save money on your purchase and get a Toothpick Silk Umbrella or handsome Cane thrown in free.



Tailors, 8 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.



GIVEN AWAY. SEE ABOVE.

## NOTICE!

We will furnish Commencement Dresses to clubs of the schools and colleges at the same price given the 60 graduates of the High school, of Atlanta. Accordion plaited Organdies and all kinds of white Muslins.

## M. Rich & Bros.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, Furniture, Carpets, Etc. **SPECIAL SALE!**

No Greater Values Ever Offered.

## DRESS GOODS!

Fine Dress Goods at 27 1-2c a yard. All kinds of Silk and Wool Suitings, Chevots, etc., that formerly sold at 50c, will be sold this week at 27 1-2c a yard.

46-inch two-toned Covert that was 75c a yard, is marked down to 50c a yard.

All French Suitings, all wool, that were 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25, now marked down to 50c a yard.

All Dress Goods marked \$1.00 and \$1.25 will be sold at 75c a yard. All wool Challies marked down from 60c to 35c a yard.

## SILKS! SILKS!

2,500 yards Wash Silks at 35c a yard, sold all over at 45c.

100 pieces new 27-inch China Silks, worth 75c, this week at 50c a yard.

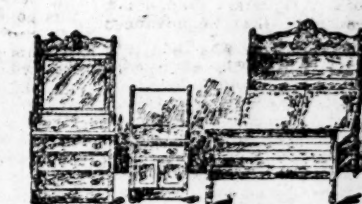
113 pieces new bright striped Taffeta Silks, worth 90c; this week at 75c a yard.

183 pieces striped, figured and Dresden patterns marked down from \$1.75; now \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard.

93 pieces printed Chinas, 28-inch, beautiful designs, worth \$1.00; go this week at 75c.

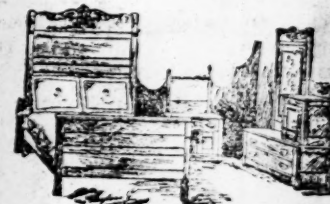
THE GREAT FAD--80 pieces new Paris Novelties, large plaid and at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 a yard.

COMPLETE LINES of White Goods, Printed Wash Fabrics, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Gloves, Laces and Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Etc., all at reduced prices.



THIS SUIT NOW ONLY **\$10.00**

Three pieces solid oak; style shown here highly polished, with beveled edge mirror, size 18x20 inches.



THIS SUIT NOW ONLY **\$11.25**

Three pieces, like shown in cut above, highly polished oak, with beveled edge mirror 16x28 inches.

Bedroom Suits at \$12.50, \$13.50 and on up to \$350 per Suit.

## PARLOR SUITS WONDERFULLY CHEAP.

Come and see them. Five-piece Oak Parlor Suits upholstered in tapestry, Sofa, Arm Chair, Rocker and Two Side Chairs.

NOW ONLY \$10.00 PER SUIT.

Also five pieces over-stuffed Oak Parlor Suits, Sofa, Arm Chair, Rocker and Two Side Chairs.

NOW ONLY \$20.00.

We are selling all our Parlor Suits at half price and have them from \$10.00 TO \$250.00.

## DINING ROOM FURNITURE.

EXTENSION TABLES--Any price from \$5.00 to \$75.00.

DINING ROOM CHAIRS--In wood, cane, leather or upholstered seats, half price.

BUTLERS' TRAYS--And everything needed for the dining room.

SIDEBOARDS--Solid Oak, from \$7.50 to \$350.00 each.

BUFFETS--The largest selection in the south.

## HALL FURNITURE.

Our \$10.00 Hall Racks sell at \$7.00.

Our \$12.00 Hall Racks sell at \$8.00.

Our \$15.00 Hall Racks sell at \$9.00.

All kinds of Hall Furniture at half price during this 30 days sale.



## CARPETS!

Union extra super Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, now only 30c a yard. Best quality super Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, now only 40c a yard. Best all-wool, extra super Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, now only 50c a yard. Tapestry Brussels Carpets, made and laid, now only 60c a yard. Fifty patterns of the very best Tapestry Brussels Carpets, made and laid, now only 65c a yard. Best Body Brussels Carpets now reduced to \$1 a yard. Axminster and Moquette Carpets, made and laid, now only \$1 a yard. Extra grade of Hemp Carpets now only 10c a yard. Extra heavy India Cocoa Matting, for office, etc., now only 50c a yard.

**M. RICH & BROS.,** 54 & 56 WHITEHALL.







## TIME TO DISSOLVE.

## The Government's Majority in Parliame Is Down to Ten.

**WOLMER MUST SIT WITH THE LORDS**  
**Being a Peer He Has to Withdraw**  
**from the Commons.**

QUEEN VICTORIA IS QUITE ACTIVE

She Can Get Around All Right by Using  
Cane—Mrs. Oscar Wilde Is with  
Her Husband.

London, May 18.—The imminence of a dissolution of parliament increases. It is now generally held that the government majority is on the wane, but that the government party are clamoring for an appeal to the country. The understanding that the ministry shall resign immediately after the contest is said to be the wisest recourse in order to escape an ultimate overwhelming disaster. It is also known that there are grave dissensions in the cabinet over the question whether to proceed with further business or to indicate that the time is up.

The *Standard* and *Evening Standard* of today, publishes the following editorial, "Now or Never," in which it asks: "Does the government mean to persevere in its policy of filling up its cup in propping up a rotten and crumbling empire? Or does it mean to bring a bill for the house of lords to reject and taking a line which only lends to rejoin-

The Westminster Gazette, in these utterances, voices the unanimous feeling of the radicals as well as the liberals.

stituents at Northampton last evening, declared that a radical government could n

ical principle, continue to meet in parliament with a majority reduced to ten votes

A conservative government might do this, he said, because the conservative party do not believe in the right of the people to elect a radical government. "But men who believe in a working majority in order to carry out democratic measures that the country needs and desire," he said, "are not contentedly watching this upheaval without the liberal party and make no effort to add to their numbers. They are not content to rely everybody, that the crisis is certain to come in the vote on the local vote bill which Sir William Harcourt continues to support." "The weight of the London season is not a period that the unionists and conservatives would naturally select for a general election, but it is a period when the Liberal party and parliament can choose their own time and their opponents will have to abide by the decision. Commenting upon the situation, he said, "I think that the Liberal party will be the unionists throughout the country, and they ought to make preparations without delay and be ready when the mine is sprung."

The National Liberal Club accepts the end of July as the most probable date for the opening.

**A Lord Against His Will.**  
The Selbourne peerage episode was practically closed when the parliamentary committee reported its findings. The only remaining motion of Sir William Bouverie was appointed on Monday with only a few minutes of formality. Of course it is understood that the committee will, after a mere perfunctory report, advise the House. Volmer's seat vacant, and that gentleman is the earl of Selbourne, will immediately supply for his writ for a summons to a session of the house of lords. His intention to leave the house of commons has been announced in a letter in which he advised the liberal candidate for the seat he vacated to vigorously prosecute his canvass for the constituency to which he was leaving the house of lords, Viscount Willoughby. The friends of Mr. Willoughby are leaves to the friends of Mr. Willoughby. A bribe is sufficient to pay the hands of the aristocrat. Chance, Mr. Parnell, is the member from Cork city appointed to the election.

hus prevent Mr. O'Brien from becoming bankrupt, in which case he would have vacated his seat in parliament, as no person who has been formally declared a bankrupt and has not removed that disability can sit in the house of commons. Mr. O'Brien is entirely indifferent about remaining in parliament and will accept assistance only in order to keep his seat from being contested by the opposition. It has long been known that he cared nothing about keeping his seat in parliament, preferring to devote himself to literary pursuits and he has remained as long as he has.

as lately for the purpose of keeping the seat securely in the column of his faction.

**Victoria Is Still Spry.**  
The queen goes to Balmoral on Tuesday and will remain until the end of June. The assumption of the queen's health has been the subject of much gossip. It has been generally believed that it was because of her majesty's failing health. Quite the contrary. Those who were present in the course of her journey from London to Windsor were surprised at her walking without assistance on her carriage to her landau, leaning upon her stick and her cane, and her determination of avoiding irritating demonstrations in the house of commons over the question of the duke of Saxe-Coburg's allowance, it has been suggested either by the prince or the queen. The queen's argument consists the question of com-

... is understood that the ministers are

**Trying To Loan Money to China.** The report that China is applying to European financiers for a \$50,000,000 loan ridiculed by the best informed city bosses. The facts are that certain Paris and London financiers have approached the Belgian government and have been

berlin banking firms approached the Federal government, offering to raise a loan, but not stating the amount. The Credit Lyonn-

als and the Bank de Paris, forming the French syndicate, asked M. Hanotaux, French minister of foreign affairs, to suppress their claim to finance whatever loan might be agreed upon, and the Bleichroders and Mendelssohns took similar action in the Berlin government. The dominant

use of this extraordinary competition is a belief that the successful syndicate will

secure orders from China and Japan, for munitions of war, new ships, etc., on the principle that the money ought to be spent where it was raised. The interested Londoners speculated that the Chinese had

in firms calculated that the Chinese loan will not exceed £10,000,000, which sum could be obtained without political interference.

The Paris Temps foreshadows a bigger project than the mere sale of arms, ships, etc., associated with the loan in the creation of an administrative system in China.

be controlled by the European powers  
in a similar manner in which the affairs  
of the East are controlled by Great Britain.

the Statist says: "Unless China is blinded by her humiliation she will never agree at a great loan shall be supplied to her France and administered by French

officials. This would mean future trouble between China and Europe."





## LEE'S OLD ARMY.

The Boys in Gray Are Marching  
to the Land of Texas.

## GRAND REUNION OF VETERANS

Flags of Every State Are Waving, Drums  
Are Beating and Bands Playing.

## THE LONE STAR BEAMS BRIGHTLY

And the Heroes of Countless Battles  
Are Given a Rousing Welcome.

## STARS AND BARS AFLOAT ONCE MORE

Blessed Memories That Cling Caressingly  
to the Days Gone By—Old Dixie  
Is the Toast.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

As he appeared when inaugurated President of the Confederacy—From a favorite photograph of the family.

We want to see how a great, bustling city is how towering upon the wild forest land where we faced Sherman and his hordes, and where they torch and the sword scattered devastation and death on all sides. We want to see the people of Atlanta—those people who, with everything lost save honor and pride, returned to their homes to find them smoking ruins, and who, with irresistible determination and unswerving faith, set about the arduous duty of building up the greater Atlanta. We want to see these people and shake them by the hand and bid them goodspeed in their glorious deeds, for it is with such people that an old, gray-haired confederate with one foot in the grave can trust the old banner as a heritage sweet and fond. With such people we know that the cause which was lost still lives; with such people we know the spirit of the old south inspires that bravery and courage in the days of peace which outstrips the bravery and courage that once hovered over the trenches and hugged the musket close.

## The Georgia Delegations.

The Georgia delegations are being expected every minute. Centering in Atlanta, they are expected to come in a body down by Montgomery and New Orleans, arriving here on Tuesday evening. It is interesting to observe with what a high degree of expectancy their arrival is looked forward to. The Georgia boys will come by way of the most interesting route that possibly could be taken between Atlanta and Houston, which leaves Atlanta over the Atlanta and West Point railroad to Montgomery, the first capital of the confederacy; thence over the Louisville and Nashville by Biloxi, Miss., the old home of Jefferson Davis, and then to the question, headquarters of the Confederate Veterans' Association of America.

Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of the confederacy will come this route also and will probably be joined in Atlanta by the Atlanta camp of veterans.

It is already evident that Georgia will be most gallantly represented at the convention and that her veterans will be just as they were in all the trying tests of battle—lions of the day.

Georgia's Fair Sponsor.

Miss Julia Faulkner Ridley, who has been appointed sponsor for Georgia, is a beautiful and accomplished young woman and a descendant on both lines from old and distinguished families in Georgia. She is the daughter of a true and brave confederate soldier, Major

that this city will make a desperate pull for the next convention of veterans. There will be a great delegation from the Monumental City, and in addition to the regular veterans' delegation, there will be a committee of 100 prominent citizens from Baltimore, including the mayor and other city officials. They will come to advocate the claims of that town. They will set up headquarters in a conspicuous part of Houston and will bring with them 4,000 porcelain-faced buttons printed with ap-

## LEE AND HIS GENERALS AS THEY APPEARED IN UNIFORM.



1. ROBERT E. LEE.  
2. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.  
3. BRAXTON BRAGG.  
4. G. T. BEAUREGARD.  
5. JAMES LONGSTREET.  
6. J. E. B. STUART.  
7. JOHN A. BURNETT.  
8. WADE HAMPTON.  
9. STONEWALL JACKSON.

which had become sectional in policy, and sectional in hostility. It had lost nationality, and the first requisite of every government—that of protection of person and property. True you have overthrown the federal union, but you have preserved the federal constitution. You have retained ancestral traditions in the formation of your government, separate from those abuses which experience has developed.

"Like your ancestors you have commenced with a few leading ideas, or principles. They may be optimized; but, right, when assailed, must either be defended or surrendered, and that a similarity of interest must produce a similarity of action."

"The alternative of the first proposition you have chosen. That choice must and will be vindicated. Of the second you have made an election which your experience justifies and all history proves."

"In the revision of your state constitution you have, in my judgment, improved it by each alteration that has been made in it. Whatever may have been heretofore the high standard of your judges, that standard will be advanced still higher to independence and legal attainments. Reduction of the members of the legislature may

Surely in such seasons as these it is pleasing to let one's self drift back in mind to the old days.

While the veterans are rallying once more around the shattered flag-staff of the stars and bars, shaking hands across the castle of thirty years wherein flows the river of stirring recollections, one naturally finds himself dreaming the old dreams over.

Those who are old enough to recollect the stirring days in Georgia just prior to the time when the great curtain raised from the scene of carnage, devastation and death, will, under the inspiration of thoughts that arise at these annual reunions of the boys in gray, bring to mind the many scenes that were enacted in the state and will let their minds dwell with particular straining upon the doing of a true session of the convention down at Old Mill-ledgeville.

It is the voice of years that is gone and it seems to be so far off it sounds like the whisper of a light southern breeze. But on its breath come back a thousand memories.

Just thirty-four years ago! and yet those stirring scenes are as vivid to the proud old Georgian whose hairs are now frosted with years as the doings of yesterday. The convention to consider the question of secession was held at Milledgeville, beginning January 16, 1861. The first thing done was to read the proclamation of Governor Joseph E. Brown, calling the convention, then Hon. Henry L. Benning, temporary chairman, arose and said, "Before entering further upon the work we have met to do, my fellow countrymen, it is fit to ask the blessing of our All-wise and Al-

mighty God upon our deliberations here." Jacob E. A. Nisbet touched off the secession gun with the following resolutions: "Resolved, That, in the opinion of this convention, it is the right and duty of Georgia to secede from the present union and to co-operate with such other states as have done or shall do the same, for the purpose of forming a southern confederation upon the basis of the constitution of the United States."

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the chair to report an ordinance to assert the right and fulfill the obligation of the state of Georgia to secede from the union."

This was the starting point, and upon this sentiment the convention moved. Rob. Toombs was there like a fiery lion, and with impassioned eloquence swayed the convention to and fro as the wind of a stormy day sways the wheat in the field.

Everybody knows how the work of the convention went on from day to day and how the ordinances of secession were finally passed by a vote of 208 to 89.

Closing the work of the convention at Savannah, G. W. Crawford, president of the secession convention, reviewed the doings of that body in the following speech: "A man must be insensible to the social sympathies with which he is surrounded not to feel and appreciate the approval by others of his conduct—secondary only to the consciousness of rectitude, which usually is less in act than in intention. Yielding to this influence, so congenial with our better nature, I can only offer in return for your kind expressions as to the manner in which my official duties have been performed and say the familiar, yet cordial language that I thank you. Joining in a general opinion, and referring to my own observations of other large deliberative bodies, I venture to say that I have seen none which surpassed this convention in general decorum and all the amenities of social life."

"Whatever patriotic devotion and intellectual strength have been displayed here, may be safely trusted to the judgment of men of distant times."

"Indulge me with a short retrospect of what you have done."

"When first assembled there was less disagreement as to the burden of our grievances than to their remedy, and especially as to the time of its application. Happily, conciliation produced concord. When our common patroness state, her sons less from opinion than instinct, forged of the past and mindful of the future, rallied to the rescue, clasping each other with a fraternal grasp, they were less intent on sharing in the glory than participating in a common peril and a common destiny. Thus may the sons of Georgia ever be."

"You have overturned the government

## CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Thrilling Yarns and Historical Sketches  
of the Great Conflict.

## CAPT. "TIP" HARRISON'S OBSERVATIONS

He Tells the Story of the Great  
Fight on the Rappahannock.

## MAKES MIGHTY GOOD READING, TOO

How the Georgia Generals with Their  
Handful of Soldiers Drove Back  
Thousands Repeatedly.

Thrilling, indeed, the story of Chancellorsville, as it comes from a soldier who was there.

Captain W. H. Harrison, of Georgia, who is now engaged in writing a complete historical sketchbook of the war as viewed by a "man with a gun," tells interestingly of how Hooker's hordes were driven back at Chancellorsville in one of the chapters of his forthcoming book, which will have such a run when it is out of the press. The book is sure to find its way into the libraries of every good soldier when it once makes its appearance from the publishers' hands, if the following is a fair sample of the many chapters that Captain "Tip" is writing.

"Chancellorsville."

"The student of the history of the civil war will find numerous accounts of the thrilling events which took place at Chancellorsville in the spring of 1862. In the main they all agree as to the features of the campaign. On that bloody battlefield General Lee added to his renown as a soldier and succeeded in removing from the mind of the brilliant but erratic federal commander a very large amount of self-conceit. He taught 'Fighting Joe Hooker' that he did not know how to handle an army. He forced him back across the Rappahannock so quickly that the campaign, which lasted one week, seemed very much like that of the king of France, who marched up the hill and down again. Shortly af-

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.  
Daughter of the Confederacy.

with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. You are very truly, J. E. B. STUART.

"Hooker to His Army."

"I also reproduce here General Hooker's order assuming command of the army. Note the clause demanding not only the 'zealot' but the cheerful co-operation of every officer and soldier in his command. This idea was doubtless suggested by Lincoln's criticism just quoted. If a fellow officer saw the commanding general was making a blunder and leading his army to destruction he must not only zealously co-operate, but do so cheerfully."

"Camp, Near Palmyra, Va., January 26, 1862—General Order No. 1. By direction of the president of the United States Army of the Potomac, I enter upon the discharge of the duties imposed by this responsibility. Since the formation of this army he has been identified with its history. He has shared with no other desire than and reverses with no other desire than that these relations might remain unchanged until his death. He will contribute something to the renown of our arms and the success of our cause. To secure these ends your commander will require the cheerful and zealous co-operation of every officer and soldier in his army. In equipment, intelligence and valor the enemy is our inferior; let us never hesitate to give him battle whenever we can find him. The undersigned only gives expression to the feelings of this army when he conveys to our late commander, Major General Burnside, the most cordial good wishes for his future. My staff will be announced as soon as ordered."

"Major General Commanding Army of the Potomac."

"In May following this confident announcement the spirit of Hooker was more or less subdued. After a little experience in front of his despised foe, his utterances were totally devoid of defiance. His eyes had been rudely opened. He no longer claimed for his command superiority in intelligence or valor. He changed his tactics and his opinions. He put up the plea of having been overwhelmed by numbers, and like a school boy who seeks an excuse for want of courage, claimed that all the disadvantages were on his side. His enemy was too strong for him. In this particular Hooker was but following the example of other generals who had been overthrown. McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Banks and others had offered similar pleas for their defeats when the truth of history shows that each of them were driven from their fields with fewer men than they commanded."

Stonewall Jackson Defeats Hooker.

"In three months after this flourishing proclamation Hooker put his large army in motion. Pontoon bridges were thrown across the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, and Sedgwick, with the sixth corps of infantry and part of the second corps, followed him. The army of Lee occupied the position held by Burnside's left wing in the Fredericksburg battle of December, 1862. Hooker passed above the confederate line, and the army of Lee moved back and crossed to the south side of the Rappahannock by the German mills and Ely's ford, with four corps. Subsequently Lee was joined by Sickles and Reynolds with the first and third corps, who crossed at United States ford, near Fredericksburg. Seven corps were in this manner crossed

to the south side of the river, which had marked the dividing line between the two armies. While heavy reserves guarded all the fords, Hooker's movement above turned the left of Lee's defensive line and forced him to move out to meet the enemy in open ground.

"At this important juncture Longstreet, with two of the largest divisions of his corps (Hood's and Pickett's), was down at Sedgwick, below Richmond, and Lee with only two divisions of the first corps and Jackson's second corps supported by a part of Stuart's cavalry, which numbered just about half of that of the enemy. His total command did not exceed 50,000 men. Hooker's forces are estimated to have numbered from 70,000 to 125,000. His army had been strengthened and recruited and he certainly had more full corps more than Burnside's command in the battle of December 13th, at which time over 100,000 men were present."

"Hooker advanced about eight miles after crossing the river and halted at Chancellorsville. He did so because he had been explained. He not only halted after turning Lee's flank, but immediately constructed defensive works and awaited to be attacked. If his enemy were in the time over 100,000 men were present. Superior in equipment, intelligence and valor it would seem that the proper thing to have done was to run right over Lee and destroy him. His army had eight days' rations with ample supply trains near, and Hooker possessed the sort of

by some historians. General Jackson's wounds were inflicted by some of his own men who mistook him and his escort for a body of federal cavalry."

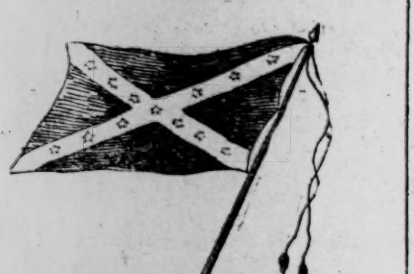
J. E. B. Stuart Succeeds Jackson.

"After Jackson's fall General J. E. B. Stuart, the great cavalry leader, took command of the cavalry corps, and during the night pressed his lines forward and closed in upon the right wing of Hooker's army."

"On Sunday morning, May 3d, General Lee advanced his entire line. Stuart, with consummate skill, handled Jackson's corps, advancing his infantry, and as soon as the cavalry was gained on the forward batteries under the command of General Edward P. Alexander. General Anderson and McLaws also pressed forward with great determination and by 1 o'clock a. m. the federals were driven from their works with great loss. Hooker fell back another mile to his third line of entrenchment, having been driven from the forward positions his army ever occupied."

"While the confederates were rearranging their lines, which had become more or less disorganized by the intermingling of the men of different commands during the advance, tidings reached General Lee that Sedgwick had captured the heights in front of Fredericksburg and was

Continued on Next Page.



It can never be sung—The story of the glory of our bonnie, bonnie flag. When its battle wings were waving in the valley—on the crag—On the billows of the ocean—by the river's winding shore.



HOUSTON, Tex., May 18.—(Special.)—The drum tap is sounding in Texas today, and the "rebels" are falling in line! Marching from the clover dais of the Rappahannock, from the historic hills of Richmond, the pebbled shores of Sumner, the pine forests of the Old North State, the blue-topped mountains of Tennessee, the old red hills of Georgia, the cotton fields of Alabama, the great valley of the Mississippi and from the cactus blooming plains of Texas—flocking from out this vast land of Dixie the boys in gray are rallying once more around the shattered flagstaff of the proud old banner that went down at Appomattox.

The lone star flag waves them a cordial salute and bids the confederates welcome to the hospitality of this proud, triumphant people of the west.

The grandest gathering of Lee's old army since the boys went home is about to be held at Houston.

It is the annual encampment of the United Confederate Veterans. Soldiers who fought under the flags of the very southern state will be here, and the war-worn heroes of a hundred battles will live for the season in the blessed memories that cling to the unforgotten past.

Drums are beating, bands are playing the old songs, and thousands of the old fellows are "falling in" to march once more to the roll of the drum and touch shoulders with their beloved comrades beside whom they once stepped with fearless tread into the storm of musketry and shell where the hot smell of smoke and battle came stifling over the field.

The reunion, or encampment, at Houston promises to be the greatest ever held in the history of the United Confederate Veterans' Association. This fact was considered as the largest ever held. But this gives promise of eclipsing it in every respect.

The convention will be called to order for executive session Wednesday by General John B. Gordon, commander of the association.

The daily sessions will be held in the

ROBERT TOOMBS.  
The Lion of Secessionists.

great Winnie Davis auditorium, named for the daughter of the confederacy, who is expected to arrive tomorrow from Richmond, escorted by the Richmond camp delegation. The hall is a very spacious one and will seat thousands of veterans.

The reunion will last four days, and a programme of great interest is being arranged for the thousands of veterans who will be in attendance.

To Come to Atlanta.

Atlanta is the place for the next reunion. This is the opinion commonly shared by nearly all the soldiers at Houston. To the veterans say that they want to go to Atlanta once more before they die, to see the old trenches around the city wherein they fought once and for all, and to see the old rifles against the common foe. They say that all places in the United States for the holding of the confederate veterans' encampment Atlanta stands first by reason of its historic past, its auspicious present and its glorious future.

"We want to see," said one of them today, "the stone-went suburbs of the greatest city of industry of the new south;

GEORGE W. CRAWFORD.  
President of the Georgia Secession Convention.

Charles D. Ridley, who left the University of Georgia, entering the confederate army in the Forty-first Georgia regiment, Price's division, and after hard service there was transferred to Morgan's command. He served with Morgan in all his memorable and daring campaigns until Morgan's death, and then, as aide on the staff of General Bull Run, until the close of the war.

Miss Ridley has just passed out of lovely girlhood, and is one of the most charmingly beautiful among the young ladies of the state. She has always been remarkably enthusiastic in her devotion to the confederate soldiers and to every movement designed to cherish the best memories of the confederate soldiers.

Miss Ridley will be escorted to Houston by the LaGrange camp delegation, which is expected to arrive with the Atlanta delegation tomorrow night or Tuesday.

Baltimore is After It.

Competition for the capture of the next convention runs high.

There are three cities in the race—Atlanta, Baltimore and Charleston.

It is considered that Baltimore is the greatest rival of Atlanta, as it is known

## HOW GEORGIA SECEDED.

A Retrospective Glance Back Over the Stirring Times of War.

Oh, for the kings who crowned them! Oh, for the fame that crowned them! When hearts and hands of free-born men Were all the ramparts 'round them!

Surely in such seasons as these it is pleasing to let one's self drift back in mind to the old days.

While the veterans are rallying once more around the shattered flag-staff of the stars and bars, shaking hands across the castle of thirty years wherein flows the river of stirring recollections, one naturally finds himself dreaming the old dreams over.

Those who are old enough to recollect the stirring days in Georgia just prior to the time when the great curtain raised from the scene of carnage, devastation and death, will, under the inspiration of thoughts that arise at these annual reunions of the boys in gray, bring to mind the many scenes that were enacted in the state and will let their minds dwell with particular straining upon the doing of a true session of the convention down at Old Mill-ledgeville.

It is the voice of years that is gone and it seems to be so far off it sounds like the whisper of a light southern breeze. But on its breath come back a thousand memories.

Just thirty-four years ago! and yet those stirring scenes are as vivid to the proud old Georgian whose hairs are now frosted with years as the doings of yesterday. The convention to consider the question of secession was held at Milledgeville, beginning January 16, 1861. The first thing done was to read the proclamation of Governor Joseph E. Brown, calling the convention, then Hon. Henry L. Benning, temporary chairman, arose and said, "Before entering further upon the work we have met to do, my fellow countrymen, it is fit to ask the blessing of our All-wise and Al-

mighty God upon our deliberations here."

Jacob E. A. Nisbet touched off the secession gun with the following resolutions: "Resolved, That, in the opinion of this convention, it is the right and duty of Georgia to secede from the present union and to co-operate with such other states as have done or shall do the same, for the purpose of forming a southern confederation upon the basis of the constitution of the United States."

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the chair to report an ordinance to assert the right and fulfill the obligation of the state of Georgia to secede from the union."



MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

not have gone as far as desired; still, as a thing per se it cannot be otherwise than acceptable. In all such matters we must make concessions. Nothing remains after bidding you a cordial adieu, and wishing to each a safe return to his home, but to declare as I now do, that this convention is finally adjourned."

The scenes which followed will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. The state was fairly boiling over with the turbulence of the times; the drum was sounding the roll and the boys were falling in line from the historic mountain tops of Chickamauga to the swamps below Savannah.

The flush of war was on

M. C.

of Chancellorsville, as it comes from a soldier who was there.

Captain W. H. Harrison, of Georgia, who is now engaged in writing a complete historical sketchbook of the war as viewed by a "man with a gun," tells interestingly of how Hooker's hordes were driven back at Chancellorsville in one of the chapters of his forthcoming book, which will have such a run when it is out of the press. The book is sure to find its way into the libraries of every good soldier when it once makes its appearance from the publishers' hands, if the following is a fair sample of the many chapters that Captain "Tip" is writing.

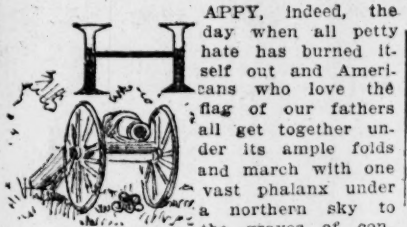


## DOUGLAS'S DEAD.

A Splendid Demonstration in Honor of the Sleeping Heroes.

GRAND ARMY MEN WILL TAKE PART

A Handsome Monument Will Be Unveiled with Great Pomp in Chicago on Decoration Day.



APPY, indeed, the day when all petty hate has burned itself out and Americans who love the flag of our fathers all get together and march with one vast phalanx under a northern sky to the graves of confederate dead and pay tribute to the dauntless courage and fortitude of the men who were the gray.

What could tell in more unmistakable way that the cloud of battle smoke has been forever lifted from this fair land of ours than the celebration that is to be had on Decoration Day in the city of Chicago in honor to the memory of the sleeping soldiers of the confederacy who gave up their lives while imprisoned at Camp Douglas away up there on the border of the great lakes? It is to be the event of Decoration Day in Chicago and thousands of soldiers who wore the blue and thousands who wore the gray are going to be in line and march out to the concentric trenches where sleep our fallen heroes.

The occasion will be the unveiling of the handsome monument that has been erected to the memory of those brave hearts who went from their warm southern clime to die of cold and disease in the prison walls of their then foe. This monument has been built by the north and south alike and the United States government itself had much to do with making it what it is, having donated the land on which it stands and the material for its construction.

The Columbia camp of the Grand Army of the Republic will aid in the dedication and the federal soldiers will be present to march to the roll of the drum once will march to the roll of the drum once



MONUMENT TO CAMP DOUGLAS DEAD

more, and this time to pay tribute to the fortitude of their conquered foe. It will be a scene never before witnessed in this country, and one from which the youth of our land may well learn the lesson of American civility, American patriotism, American honor! Surely it is a test by which the man who wore the cloth of blue is to be proved more brave than when he dashed so fearlessly into the thickest of battle and offered his life on the altar, for it is such bravery as this in time of peace that counts for most.

It will be a day long to be remembered—a day that will go to history!

The demonstration will occur in Oakwoods cemetery in Chicago, where more than 6,000 confederate soldiers lie sleeping as silently as a dream. They died while imprisoned in Camp Douglas, a federal prison, between 1862 and 1863. They were first buried in the graveyard of Camp Douglas at the time of their death, but the wonderful growth of the city of Chicago soon made it necessary to remove the bodies to the new and more spacious cemetery in Oakwoods. The graves of the dead confederates were placed in the Lincoln park, on the outskirts of the city, not long after the war, and there they have remained ever since. Each year on Decoration Day of late years has found hundreds and thousands of patriots on the spot strewing beautiful flowers on the graves where lie our heroes so far away from the land of their nativity and their memory has been kept alive.

At the call of General John C. Underwood, commander of the northern division of the United Confederate Veterans, who has borne the work of building the monument that is to be unveiled on the 30th instant, hearty responses have been sent from all over the south declaring that abundant flowers will be sent to decorate the graves of the soldiers for the occasion.

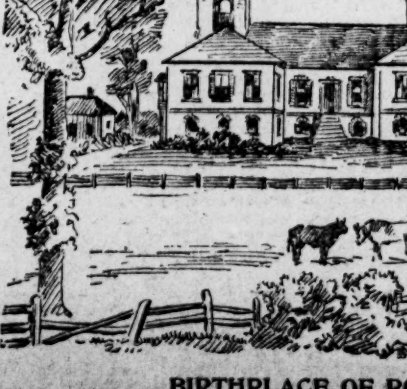
There is not a flower garden in all this fair land that is so mean as not to offer some blossom for the occasion, and it is safe to calculate that all the states of the south will send their offerings in the richest and rarest blossoms to be sent to decorate the graves of the dead martyrs of the cause that is lost.

The flowers are to be sent in time for the celebration and will reach Chicago May 28th.

On May 28th there will be a reunion of federal and confederate generals in Chicago, who will plan the details of the parade the following day.

Description of the Monument.

The monument that is to be unveiled to



BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

the heroes in gray who died at Camp Douglas prison is a very striking and handsome shaft in every detail of design.

The die of the monument is a tall square stone towering high above the three bases, and upon the top rests a statue of a confederate warrior. He stands with his arms folded, his carved face showing the rugged war-worn look of a historical figure. The monument was designed by General John C. Underwood, who has been the moving spirit in all the work and to whom the credit of the accomplishment is so largely due.

Surrounded by Shot and Shell.

The monument will be surrounded by great piles of shell and cannon balls in pyramid form, which were appropriated by the north and south alike during the war. These cannon balls were captured during the war by confederate soldiers at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. These same cannon balls did service at Chickamauga, Resaca, Kenesaw, Peachtree creek, Atlanta and Franklin, and were finally recaptured by the federals at Nashville.

They make the monument appear all the more majestic standing on each side a fair distance off and pointing their mouths out as though defiant of all intruders from the four sides. By the side of each of these rifle guns will be a huge pile of balls in pyramid form.

The G. A. R. Will Take Part.

It was an evidence of broad-mindedness and courage when Colonel Turner, of Chicago, called for 100 volunteers among his regiment of national guardsmen to march in the procession to the unveiling of the confederate monument.

This came just about the time that Commander Thayer, of the Grand Army of the Republic, had made some pictures on the property of his men taking part in the ceremonies, and so indignant were many of the Grand Army men at the structures that whole companies volunteered to take up line in the parade.

Columbia post, of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be largely represented in the parade and will render great aid in the unveiling ceremony.

The whole of Chicago is interested in this movement and federal and confederate survivors alike will unite and pay tribute to the memory of the dead, who fought for the cause they believed to be right and who gave up their lives in all sincerity for their faith.

This is what makes the celebration so unique and so pleasing to contemplate by every loyal-hearted American.

It shows that a new era is dawning and that this republic of states has in very truth been reunited forever into a common sisterhood of states and inseparable.

Who Will Be There.

The following who served in the federal army have accepted invitations to be present at the unveiling of the Chicago monument.

Lieutenant General Schofield, Mrs. Schofield, Miss Schofield, Colonel H. Schofield and W. B. Schofield, of Washington.

Brigadier General Flagler, chief of ordinance United States of America, and Mrs. Flagler, of Washington.

Colonel John Cassels and Captain C. W. Whipple, of Washington.

Colonel J. P. Sanger, inspector general United States army, Washington.

Major General John M. Palmer, United States senator from Illinois.

Major General Alfred C. Walthall, United States senator from Georgia.

Major General M. C. Butler, United States senator from South Carolina.

Major General L. L. Lomax and Mrs. Lomax, Washington.

Brigadier General Marcus J. Wright, Mrs. Wright and Miss Eliza Wright, Washington.

Brigadier General Frank C. Armstrong, Washington.

Major General James Longstreet, United States senator, Mrs. Gordon and Miss Gordon, Reynolds, Ga.

Lieutenant General Wade Hampton, Washington.

Lieutenant General A. P. Stewart, Chattanooga.

Colonel Albert Acres and Mrs. Acres, Washington.

General Wade Hampton To Speak.

The oration of the day will be by General Wade Hampton, the dauntless South Carolinian, celebrated for his gallantry and courage on the field of battle.

General Hampton is one of the most eloquent orators in the entire south and is particularly so when warmed to the spirit of the trying days of the sixties. It is a tribute to his love of his country that his oration will be a rare treat soon with our saying.

Major Stanton, of Frankfort, Ky., will read a poem and there will be other features of equal interest on the programme of the day's demonstration.

R. C.

The Confederate Note.

(The following celebrated poem was found written on the back of a confederate bank note. Many have claimed its authorship. Representing nothing on God's earth now, And hope to redeem on the morrow, As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone, I, dear captain, and show it, Show it to those that will lend an ear To the tale that this paper can tell Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream, Of a storm-crashed nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

## RHODES, SNOOK &amp; HAVERTY FURNITURE COMPANY ATLANTA.

## CARPETS

The big house of Sloane has closed its sample rooms in the Gould building. We bought every Rug in this sample lot at about 50 cents on the dollar. We will begin a special sale of these splendid bargains tomorrow in our Carpet Department.

1,500 Sample Rugs From Sloane

300 Smyrna Rugs at 25c each. 350 Brussels Rugs, 1 1-2 yards long, 65c each, worth \$1.25. 285 Velvet Rugs, 1 1-2 yards long, \$1, worth \$2.50. 326 Moquette Rugs, 1 1-2 yards long, \$1 each, worth \$2.50. 278 Axminster Rugs, \$1 each, worth \$3. 200 Rugs, 1 yard long, Velvets, Axminsters, Moquettes and Wiltons, 50c each Monday. 250 Rugs, Tapestry Brussels, 1 yard long, 30c each Monday.

GREAT RUG SALE! GREAT RUG SALE!

Smyrna Rugs, \$2.50, worth \$4; Smyrna Rugs, \$3.50, worth \$5; Smyrna Rugs, \$4.50, worth \$7. Japanese Goat Skin Rugs, Dantsu Rugs, Wilton Rugs and Moquette Rugs.

BIG REDUCTION IN SMYRNA CARPETS

Every piece of goods in our Carpet Department is cut in price. Carpets, Mattings, Linoleum, Carpets, Draperies and Shades.

Awnings. Awnings. Awnings.

Buy before the very hot weather comes. Our prices are always low. See us before you buy.

Mattings. Mattings. Mattings.

Big Stock. Big Bargains. China Mattings. Japanese Mattings. Cotton Warp Mattings. We will sell Mattings cheap this week.

## RHODES, SNOOK &amp; HAVERTY FURNITURE CO.

Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong, Washington.

Brigadier General Eppa Hunton, United States senator, Warrenton, Va.

Brigadier General Joseph O. Shelby, Kansas City, Mo.

Brigadier General William H. Payne, Washington.

Brigadier General Basil W. Duke, Louisville, Ky.

Brigadier General Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort, Ky.

Brigadier General C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.

Brigadier General Joseph H. Lewis, Frankfort, Ky.

Major Henry T. Stanton, Frankfort, Ky.

Colonel J. B. Irwin, Washington.

Colonel Charles H. Dorsett, Georgia.

Other distinguished guests will include: Governor John P. Altgeld and staff, Postmaster General and Mrs. Wilson, Major Robert W. Hunter, Charles Edward Thomas, General H. Kidd Douglas, adjutant general of Maryland, Captain H. B. Littlepage, Washington, Solicitor General Holmes Conrad, Washington.

Colonel Albert Acres and Mrs. Acres, Washington.

General Wade Hampton To Speak.

The oration of the day will be by General Wade Hampton, the dauntless South Carolinian, celebrated for his gallantry and courage on the field of battle.

General Hampton is one of the most eloquent orators in the entire south and is particularly so when warmed to the spirit of the trying days of the sixties. It is a tribute to his love of his country that his oration will be a rare treat soon with our saying.

Major Stanton, of Frankfort, Ky., will read a poem and there will be other features of equal interest on the programme of the day's demonstration.

R. C.

The Confederate Note.

(The following celebrated poem was found written on the back of a confederate bank note. Many have claimed its authorship. Representing nothing on God's earth now, And hope to redeem on the morrow, As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone, I, dear captain, and show it, Show it to those that will lend an ear To the tale that this paper can tell Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream, Of a storm-crashed nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, Indeed, And our poverty well we discerned, And these little checks represented the pay That our suffering veterans earned. We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Yet as gold the soldiers received it, But our coffers had no more to give, And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay, Or of bills that were overdue, We knew it it bought our bread today 'Twas the best our country could do, Keep it it tells all our history over, From the birth of the dream to its last, Modest, and born of the angel hope, Like our hope of success it passed.

Too poor to possess the precious ore, And too much a stranger to borrow, We issue today our "promise to pay," And hope to redeem on the morrow. Days rolled by, and weeks became years, But the coin had hardly a value in gold, Coin was so rare that the treasurer quakes If a dollar should drop in the till.



# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily, Weekly, Sunday.

The Daily, per year, \$3.00  
The Sunday, per year, 2.00  
The Daily and Sunday, per year, 4.00  
The Weekly, per year, 1.00  
All editions sent postpaid to all addresses.  
At these reduced rates all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Contributors must keep copies of articles. We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will not do so unless accompanied by return postage.

## Where to Find The Constitution.

The Constitution can be found on sale at the following places:  
WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.  
JACKSONVILLE—H. Drew & Bro.  
CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley, 162 Vine St.  
NEW YORK—Brentano's, 124 Fifth avenue.  
CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 91 Adams Street; Great Northern Hotel.  
SAN FRANCISCO—R. C. Wilbur.  
PHILADELPHIA—A. P. Kemble, corner Lancaster Ave. and Baring St.  
SEATTLE, WASH.—Puguet Sound News Co.  
12 CENTRALS PER WEEK.

For The Daily Constitution, or 10 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for The Daily and Sunday Constitution, or 50 cents per calendar month, delivered to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Send in your name at once. Do not pay the carriers. We have regular collectors.

# 30 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., MAY 19, 1895.

## Beware of Impostors.

The people of western Georgia are warned against paying money for The Constitution to T. J. Harden, alias J. E. Hardy, of Pleasant Grove, Ga. He is an impostor, without authority to act for The Constitution, and should be arrested in the first place where he assumes to act in that capacity. The Constitution never holds its annual convention in the city of Atlanta, and swindling the people of the section in which he circulates, and swears everybody that he is a cheat and a liar.

## How the Constitution Grows.

The fight being waged by The Constitution for the people meets with their unequalled support.

Examples might be given every day of the growing demand for The Constitution. Last week an increase of fifty copies daily was asked for at Talladega, Ala. This week another increase of thirty-five was ordered. In Aberdeen, Miss., twenty new copies were added to the circulation daily.

In East Point twelve copies of The Constitution were taken. On Friday the list was increased by twenty-five, the order being followed yesterday by another that the number be made thirty-three, or a circulation of forty-five in all. In Columbus the increase of sales was fifty.

It is not in the south alone that The Constitution found its way the past week. The conductors now in the city have added over fifteen hundred names to the subscription list. These new friends will not be lost sight of in the future, for all who wish to keep informed as to the trend of opinion in the south can only do so by keeping their names on The Constitution's roll.

## The Same Old Story.

In a whirlwind of "reform" the republicans of New York in the last state election captured the general assembly. Stanch democratic strongholds in every part of the state went down under the republican enthusiasm aroused over the anti-Tammany fight in New York. The democrats lost New York city and the republican representation in the general assembly from New York and Brooklyn was swelled to unprecedented numbers.

It develops, however, that the change is simply one of bosses. Croker has been succeeded by Platt, and the "reform" movement has gone up in smoke so far as the general assembly is concerned. That body has just adjourned and it has distinguished itself by increasing the tax rate to 3 cents and twenty-four hundredths of a mill, against 2.18 last year—a jump in one year under republican control of 1.06.

Senator Cantor, of New York, in reviewing the work of the legislature, says that the record made "is the worst of any legislature since the old Tweed days."

The Greater New York bill, consolidating New York, Brooklyn and suburban town corporations into one municipality, was defeated by one vote as the result of a corrupt political deal among senators whose first consideration was the successful distribution of the loaves and fishes of office. The consolidation proposition was based on last year by the people of the municipalities interested and it was ratified by a majority of more than 50,000 votes. The defeat of the measure, which was made a victim of political deals and combinations, will be generally regretted throughout the country, for all America looked with great interest to the consummation of the scheme which would make Greater New York second in population only to London, with prospects of soon taking the lead.

Every now and then the voters in states and municipalities are misled into political revolution by a spasm of Pharisaic virtue, and it often happens that they "swap the whip for the devil" in a commendable wish for better their condition. It cannot be denied that municipal conditions existing in New York city prior to the last election were such as to create intense dissatisfaction and give ample ground for a popular uprising, but it seems that in this instance the state should have permitted New York city to have worked out its own salvation, and for becoming involved in the local row the taxpayers must dance up to an increase of more than a cent in the rate over last year.

Municipal affairs in New York city had been so long in the same hands that the whole city was practically at the mercy of a few men who had established themselves in high authority and who were distributing not only the thousands of dollars belonging to the city among their henchmen, but who were also adminis-

tering the affairs of almost every department of the government, not even excluding the courts. The police system was shown to be rotten, and the exactions and the intolerance of the political autocracy which had seized the city spared nothing and nobody in the indiscriminate levy of tribute through which it maintained its hold on the city.

But it now remains to be seen if Boss Platt is to be an improvement over Boss Croker. If we are to judge from the work of the republican general assembly, which has just adjourned the pendulum has swung back sooner than expected, and the measure of its stroke is nearly as wide as in the days when Tweed owned the state.

After awhile the people will revolt again and the existing dynasty will be swept away. It is probable that in the various phases of boss rule which the people of New York have been given opportunity to study they will take advantage of repeated object lessons, and, profiting from an experience which has been dearly paid for, they will overthrow the system of boss rule and re-establish political lines on a healthy basis.

When the taxpayers of New York are brought this year face first to the increase of more than one cent in the tax rate they will probably be inclined to inquire if this is the first fruit of the "reform" wave which swept the state last year.

## The Confederate Veterans.

Probably the grandest gathering of confederate survivors since Lee and Grant exchanged compliments of the season that day at Appomattox is about to be held at Houston, Tex., and throughout this fair land of Dixie the boys who were the cloth of gray are taking up the march and moving out to the Lone Star that beams brightly in the west.

These annual reunions of the United Confederate Veterans are no trifling occasions. They count for more than the man of hasty thought would ever estimate. Once a year the kettle drum sounds and responsive to its summons a thousand blessed memories of the forgotten past arise; the heroes of a hundred battles "fall in" and with alternate smiles and tears tell tales of the days gone by and sing the old songs over. It is a season of sentiment, true, but a people without sentiment is a people without pride, a people without courage, a people without hope. The man who can see no good in these annual encampments of the United Confederate Veterans in the south and the Grand Army of the Republic in the north is unmindful of the preservation of American patriotism and American valor.

So great have grown these confederate encampments within the past few years they measure in importance and interest second to no recurring event of the year, and the topic of the ensuing week is the Houston reunion. The Constitution, realizing the significance of the occasion, has detailed a special correspondent, Mr. Remsen Crawford, to furnish full and complete reports of the encampment. Mr. Crawford will remain on the scene and send daily telegraphic reports until the "tattered flag" is furled and laid away until another year shall bring the veterans together again.

The Constitution is peculiarly the newspaper to lay particular stress upon so important a gathering of veterans as this, in that its circulation among confederate survivors is five times as great as that of any other paper published in the south. It reaches more veterans in the state of Texas than any Texas newspaper. It goes to three times more veterans in Alabama than any newspaper of that state. It circulates among more veterans of any southern state than are reached by any paper in that state. For such reasons The Constitution, always with an eye to the demands of its readers, has determined to give a more descriptive, detailed report of the reunion at Houston than any other southern newspaper.

Long live the memories that bring the war-worn heroes in gray together this year at Houston, and while the boys are breaking bread once more beneath the hospitable camp tents of the gallant Texas Rangers may they feel that it is good for them to be there to rekindle in their hearts the fires of broad-minded patriotism, of chivalry and valor and love for the land of Dixie and love for our reunited country.

## Another American Institution.

Rah-rab-rah—Georgia!! It was in the air last evening—it was everywhere. Georgia had won, and in the early hours of the night the capital city of this grand commonwealth took on a radiance that possessed a carnal hue. The boys of the State university had met the representatives of the University of the South in the glorious national game, and the Georgians had won a splendid victory.

A brilliant assemblage was that at Athletic park. Nearly 3,000 people filled the grand stands, the bleachers and the sides of the field. The youth and beauty of Atlanta was there. By the side of the baseball enthusiast who went to witness the game as such sat the grave and reverend university men whose only thought was for Georgia to win; the red and black of the home university fell in graceful ribbons from the breasts of fair maidens, while the royal purple of Sewanee had just as attractive wearers, even if fewer. There was enthusiasm "to burn," and as it became evident that the Georgia team was superior to its adversary there were all sorts of demonstrations.

The university boys deserved the praise they received. The members of both teams showed that the policy of encouraging the athletic sports was having its beneficial effects, for they were splendid specimens of young manhood, equipped with the soundness and the physical strength so essential to mental effort and to fighting the world's bat-

tle. Progressive education calls for the development of the physical, as well as the mental man, and it is encouraging to note that the men controlling the southern colleges appreciate this fact. These intercollegiate games, and all properly regulated athletic contests, are of value not only to the contestants, but to those who number themselves among the spectators, and of all the kinds of contests the American national game is the best.

What a glorious baseball year this is. In the history of the game there have not been so many leagues, and perhaps never before have the championship races in the principal organizations been so interesting. In the National League the twelve clubs are bunched so closely that any one may be said to have a chance for the pennant. Here in the south practically the same condition prevails. It is anybody's race. The Chattanooga club is the only one of the eight which, from its present standing, may be said to be outclassed, and that is being rapidly strengthened.

There is fun ahead. As the warmer weather comes on and the men themselves get in better condition the contests for the championships will become more interesting. It is good, healthy fun, the kind that deserves patronage and encouragement. In passing it may not be inappropriate to suggest the sentiment—may the best fellow win—and may that fellow be Atlanta!

## The Reform Club Propaganda.

The ways of the Reform Club of William street, New York, are mysterious, indeed. At its head is Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, one of the most eminent goldbugs in the country, and he has a close collection of luminaries of less note around him—the club forming a happy family who have conceived the idea that the solution of the currency question is entirely upon its shoulders and that if the problem is not disposed of according to its liking the country will go to the eternal bow-wow.

The Reform Club of William street, backed by the concentrated wealth of New York, has come to the conclusion that silver is a nuisance and that there must be no more of it. It denounces bimetalism as a "delusion and a snare," and says that "the inevitable destiny of the country is gold monometallism."

The growth of the silver sentiment, however, has alarmed the Reform Club of William street, and seeing that it could not withstand the approaching storm with no other cover than that of gold monometallism, it has taken a desperate throw on another plank, and now indicates a kindly feeling toward an increase in the volume of paper currency. Only a few weeks ago one of the official weekly bulletins of the club contained a carefully prepared article showing the dangers of what it called "wildcat currency" and intending to illustrate the evils of an expanded state bank currency.

Just what its new plan is seems to be as yet involved in mystery, but it is already apparent that paper currency is to be played against the restoration of silver, with the hope that by creating a division in the silver ranks it can finally and forever dispose of the silver question to its satisfaction, without ever permitting the paper currency proposition to assume the proportions of a serious matter, and thus to belabor the opponents of the gold standard policy.

A paper currency issued under a system which would be acceptable to the gold monometallists of the Reform Club would be fraught with infinite danger to the people. The advocates of the gold standard want to destroy silver, and under certain conditions they might be willing to issue an indefinite quantity of bank paper, the volume to be controlled by themselves. Scratch their backs and you will find that they are much more anxious to have the privilege of absolute control over our paper money than they are even to wipe out silver. They are for the gold standard ostensibly, because they are for honest money. From their own standpoint they are for dishonest money and the true bimetalists are for honest money. The only primary money in which all debts are payable is, from their standpoint, metallic money, and they assert that all other money, that is, paper promises to pay, shall be always redeemable on demand in such metallic money. From their assumption that there is no actual money but metallic money it follows—and here is where the reader must put his finger—that the only excuse for paper money, outside of gold and silver certificates, would represent just so many dollars on deposit, is that there is not a sufficient amount of metallic money to do business with. That is to say, the only excuse for the greenbacks and national bank notes is that without such an issue we would not have a sufficient supply of money in the country, and that is the only logical excuse for the supply of uncovered money in the world which may be offered by those favoring a metallic standard only.

According to a table furnished congress by the director of the mint during the Sherman law repeal debate the world's stock of money was as follows: Gold, \$3,901,000,000; silver, full legal tender, \$3,419,500,000; limited legal tender, \$511,000,000; uncovered paper, \$2,700,000,000. Still reasoning from the metallic basis it must be concluded that the comparatively safe and honest monetary system of a country is that in which the supply of uncovered paper money is the least in proportion to the supply of primary and redeemable money, metallic money. If we are correct thus far the bimetalists are the ones who are in favor of honest money and safe currency, and the gold monometallists, who admit the inadequacy of the gold, are those who are opposed to safe currency. We favor more basic and primary money in which to redeem paper promises and pay debts; they favor a shrinkage of the volume of primary money and more paper promises to pay gold.

We demand gold and silver to be full legal tender money; they insist upon gold only as a measure of values and that they be given the right to absolute control of all the paper currency of the country to be expanded and contracted to serve their own interests. There can be no such thing as a flood of silver or of gold or inflation of metallic money so long as the volume of

gold and silver together is insufficient to do the world's business, which insufficiency will always be in evidence so long as there is \$2,700,000,000 of uncovered paper money in the world and \$470,000,000 in the United States.

From the goldbug standpoint it is sound policy and financial wisdom to have as much primary money and as little credit money in circulation as possible. According to their theories the nearer your volume of money is to a total of metallic money the better off you are, and the more paper money gets into your circulation the worse off you are. Now, the policy of the goldbugs, if carried out, would be to substitute paper money for metallic money, in so far as the forced increase of the total volume of money makes necessary.

According to the table before referred to there was in the United States in 1893 a total volume of money amounting to \$1,754,000,000; of this there was \$861,000,000 of gold, and of uncovered paper, \$547,000,000, which is practically token money, according to the Cleveland policy. We would treat that money precisely like gold, and so treating it, our stock of money would consist of \$1,208,000,000 gold and silver primary money, and \$546,000,000 paper money and subsidiary coins—over two-thirds primary money. According to the goldbugs there would be \$861,000,000 gold primary money and \$1,083,000,000 paper money and subsidiary coins, or 93 per cent more credit money than primary money.

In view of the endless chain of misrepresentations that these people are circulating respecting honest money and the bald pretense that they, and they alone, are in favor of a safe currency, it seems that it would be well for the people to consider their movements as they are uncovered.

## How the South Is Interested.

The Constitution publishes today an exceedingly interesting review of the situation in the development of the great Nicaragua canal. The commission recently appointed under the act of congress to visit the scene of the operations and to report back to congress the exact status is on its way there, and this fact, coupled with the recent international complications about Nicaragua, has resulted in attracting renewed attention to the undertaking which means so much to the commercial and political interests of this country.

Of how vital interest the success of this gigantic enterprise is to the United States of America nobody who reads the article of Mr. King can fail to realize. It means the practical possibility of making the Monroe doctrine something more than a mere dogma, but over and beyond this—and it is this result which will particularly appeal to the business sense of the country—it means the addition of millions of dollars annually to the commerce of the United States.

A broad Americanism demands the completion of this enterprise under the auspices of the government of the United States, and this should carry with it, as is proposed by the plans submitted to congress, the government control of the canal.

The Nicaragua incident, about which so much has been said in the newspapers, should open the eyes of the people to the necessity of the practical control by this government of this enterprise, which is of such vital interest to the Americas. The commerce of the east will be brought to the doors of our merchants and whatever investment the government may have to make will be repaid a hundred fold. The cutting of that canal would greatly benefit the seaports of the southern states and the enterprise should certainly receive every indorsement at the hands of the people of those states.

## The Georgia Southern Litigation.

We publish elsewhere a communication from Hon. Washington Dessau and Hon. Charles L. Bartlett, distinguished attorneys of Macon, in reference to the article in last Sunday's Constitution concerning the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad, following the movement from its inception to the last step in its winding career of litigation.

Messrs. Dessau and Bartlett, as attorneys for the trustee of the bondholders, have been thoroughly identified with the case, and what they say will be read with interest, particularly when the fact is taken into consideration that both Messrs. Dessau and Bartlett, as counsel for various bondholders and other creditors of the system, resisted the appointment of a receiver for the road at the time it was asked and granted. The Constitution instructed its Macon correspondent to prepare a full history of this celebrated case, and in the interest of the public, where about \$117,000,000 of distributed lawyers' and court fees, had made the topic one of general discussion in every county in the state.

We are sure that our Macon correspondent, who is well known throughout the state, made a careful investigation of the subject and we are sure that it was far from his intention to do injustice to anybody. The communication of our distinguished and highly esteemed Macon contributors is evidently based upon the idea that they have been put in a position of having assisted in stirring up litigation which wrecked the Georgia Southern and Florida system. If any such impression has been created we hasten to correct it, for any one who knows either of these two gentlemen personally or by reputation will readily understand that their position at the bar is unassailable.

The Constitution did say that this unfortunate system has been belabored with lawsuits from the date of its birth, and we still believe that if it had not been for the incessant grind of the courts the original investors in the property would have realized something, instead of having lost every dollar put in it. As we said in last Sunday's Constitution, we hold nobody responsible, but we condemn the system which permits a great piece of property to be bound to death through the courts until, like the hunted stag, it is forced to fall.

On the one side the people have seen a succession of charges, countercharges, charter fights, injunctions and receiverships, and hundreds of people have lost

every dollar invested in this property, and some have been rendered penniless by the wreck.

On the other side we see a distribution of \$117,000 in attorneys' fees and court costs. It is true every dollar of this was awarded legally and with the consent of the bondholders, and it is equally true that the money came from the bondholders, and not from the unfortunate victims of the wreck of the property. Yet it no doubt seems hard to the latter that while they are not able to get even as much as a pound of cotton waste in return for their little savings invested in this public improvement, that a distribution of \$117,000 as a side issue of the sale of the property is going on just beyond the touch of their eager fingers.

As we understand it the fee received by Messrs. Dessau and Bartlett was not unreasonable. As stated by them, they were engaged for nearly three years in following the case, and, being on the ground, were naturally responsible for the details of the litigation. It was not the intention of our correspondent or of The Constitution to put them in a wrong position, or, indeed, to put anybody else in a position not justified by the facts, for even the one fee of \$50,000 got out of the case came strictly through legal methods. We have never suggested that there was anything illegal in the fees in question, but we have emphasized the injustice of the system which permits excessive distributions as litigation plunder.

As far as the fee of Messrs. Dessau and Bartlett is concerned, we think, as stated above, that it was entirely within the bounds of reason, and there would probably have been no criticism had they, after giving three years' attention to the details of the case, been awarded even a larger sum than the \$20,000 said to have been accreted to them.

Again we wish to call attention to the fact that it is the system which The Constitution is attacking, and not any individual. We have for a long time believed, and we still do, that there is a wide field for legislation in the many abuses growing out of litigation against corporations, and we are sure that men of such good judgment as our esteemed Macon correspondents will agree with us, particularly as one of them, Mr. Bartlett, made an enviable record as a member of the legislature on this line.

At any rate we extend to them both the assurance of renewed consideration.

## A Beautiful System.

Our New York correspondent in yesterday's Constitution called attention to the fact that quite a large sum of money has been loaned out in New York since the 1st of May to southern bankers at the low rate of 4 per cent per annum to be used throughout the south in loans to merchants and farmers to make the present crop of cotton. This is a custom that has been in vogue for quite a number of years, and while the facts he presents are not new, they serve to remind our people of the inequality of our present financial system.

Why should it be necessary, and be the privilege of only bankers, to borrow money at cheap rates of interest in the money centers and charge those who have to use the money in producing the crops which make the wealth of the country enormous sums when the same money is loaned here? We cannot for the life of us see where there is any justice in having a privileged class that can go to New York or any other money center and borrow money to reloan at three times the interest that they pay for it. It shows that our present financial system was organized, and is today used, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. A man can borrow money at 4 per cent on real estate in New York, while he has to pay from 8 to 15 per cent in Georgia if he gets a loan on his real estate.

The bankers claim that they cannot lend money on real estate here because they cannot make long-time loans. It is not their fault, but that of our financial system, and it was made so on purpose to prevent the lending of money on real estate for long time. Money can be borrowed in New York at 1½ and 2 per cent on call. What good does this kind of a loan do a man who wants to use his money in manufacturing or in farming or any other permanent business? A man cannot borrow money on call for any other purpose than for speculation, and our financial system is based on the idea that it furnishes all the money the speculator needs at a cheap rate of interest and makes no provision for long-time loans.

We may look for all kinds of schemes being developed to attract our people from the main issue. The first question before our people today is to restore our metallic money to where it was in 1873. Beautiful schemes will be devised by which we can get relief in the future if we will give up this issue and postpone it. All kinds of inducements will be gilded to make us forget the main issue that now confronts us. If our people want relief let them take it as it goes. First let us demand the restoration of silver. When this is accomplished we will be able to get such relief as will be necessary and we can then take up subsequent issues and develop them on the same line.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A Washington dispatch says that the members of the Army and Navy Club are in a state very much akin to panic over what the administration's espionage. A number of members of the club are, it is reported, under the ban for having given expression of indorsement of Admiral Meade.

The dispatch says of the officers of the army and navy: "True Americans that they are, the officers have felt charged at the administration's subservience to England, and have spoken their feelings freely. Admiral Meade's criticism of the administration's lack of Americanism in its foreign relations was balm to the sore feelings of the officers, who do not truckle to the powers that be for personal advantage. It happened, therefore, that when Admiral Meade came into the club the other day the officers there assembled arose and cheered him to the echo. Such conduct was natural, and as it was in the club, everybody felt secure. If it had taken place elsewhere it would have been a breach of discipline, but in the club it was considered pardonable. It develops, according to the prevalent story, that there were in that assemblage men who were such cuckoo that they felt it incumbent upon themselves to report these proceedings, together with criticisms made by officers of the administration's course, to administrative officials. The result is that several officers are now under the displeasure of the administration, and worrying lest the automatic president will send them back to their regiments or to sea duty, and that they will thus lose the choice billets that they now hold. To this extent, then, the administration's system of espionage has been carried."

Life Pence, the Colorado ex-congressman, whose eloquence made a reputation in the house, is now building railroads with headquarters in New York. He is associated with ex-congressman Faines, of New York. Despite his New York surroundings, Mr. Pence still believes in silver. In an interesting interview he said: "Bimetallism must come. By it alone can the prosperity of the country be restored. I was elected as a silver democrat in 1892. I went into congress on the silver issue, talked there on silver and was licked in 1894. I am still a silver man. I must say that I am obliged to my constituents for retaining me. There is nothing particularly entrancing in the political field if viewed by practical eyes who have seen men with a devoted dollar putting a love for their country and the people who go to make it, serve for a paltry remuneration the interests of the people for a generation, only to find themselves in the end turned down."

The silver syndicate, which recently bought The New York Mercury, has made some radical change in the management of that newspaper. Mr. Thomas B. Kirby succeeds Mr. James F. Graham as manager. Mr. Kirby was formerly Washington correspondent of The Journal of Commerce. Among the capitalists interested in the names of W. P. St. John, president of the Mercantile National Bank, of New York; Senator Patterson, of South Dakota; ex-congressman Shibley, of Pennsylvania; and Marcus Daly, the Montana silver mine owner; Senators Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Dubois, of Idaho, and others, are mentioned. Mr. Daly is said to be the heaviest investor.

Besides Mr. Graham the chief editorial writer of The Mercury is a Mr. E. W. Meers. Mr. Meers, Meany and Cassidy, will leave the staff.

## Speaker Crisp and Silver.

From The Augusta Chronicle. The Augusta Chronicle and The Atlanta Constitution are worried about Judge Crisp. The Chronicle says it doesn't know where the ex-speaker stands on the financial question and asks if he knows himself. The Constitution echoes this remark. We think it is pretty clear that Judge Crisp is not a silver man, and he has declared in favor of a larger use of silver, but not for unlimited silver coinage.

Judge Crisp, as we understand him, is not a silver monometallist. He does not want any silver dollars except such as are as good as gold.

It is his refusal to join in the wild crusade for unconditional free silver, which worries The Chronicle and The Constitution-Atlanta Journal.

On the other hand, Judge Crisp is not worried about Judge Crisp. We have noticed the fact, both during the campaign a year ago, when he made several speeches in Georgia, and his recent interviews, that Judge Crisp has never come out unequivocally for the coinage of silver at the present ratio. Judge Crisp has on the stump and in the newspapers declared his preference in favor of the coinage of silver, and therefore it is clear that he is not to be classed with the monometallists like The Journal, who believes only in gold. But it is equally true that Speaker Crisp has not made a clean-cut deliverance on the subject, setting out his position on the proposition that this country should issue one coin silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with of without Europe's co-operation. The Chronicle believes in a man knowing just what is his belief on important issues, and in his stating them in a manner that does not leave room for anybody to be in doubt where he stands. We see among our exchanges one paper declaring that Judge Crisp is out and out for silver, and another declares he is not. We think Speaker Crisp should clear up the atmosphere and declare in an unmistakable way what his position really is. This is a very important matter and the people want to know where their servants stand on the issue that is now dividing the people of many nations.

## Silver in the Air.

From The New York World. The news today is full of silver controversy. The upper house of the German diet yesterday passed against government protest a resolution calling for an international bimetallic conference, the only safe way of settling currency questions.

A silver conference is sitting at Salt Lake City composed of delegates from all the far western states, and they are said to be unanimous in favor of free coinage. Justice Jackson has announced himself as in favor of free silver. The echoes of ex-Speaker Crisp's declaration to like effect are still reverberating through the south.

On the 23d of May the Memphis sound-money convention will endeavor to stay the tide of free-silver sentiment in the north and south, and the silver men have decided to hold a conference of their own in Memphis immediately afterwards, as an anti-silver reply.

The silver question was touched upon in the British house of commons yesterday. On Friday evening next there is to be a debate on the subject in Chicago, and Professor Laughlin and the author of "Coin's Financial School." Finally a report is widely circulated that Senator Hill has written a letter declaring himself in favor of free silver, but Senator Hill flatly contradicts it.

It is silver's day in the matter of varied news, and the news is in the midst of a spread interest felt in a controversy which seems destined to be a leading issue in the politics of the next two or three years.

## Judge Goff.

From The Columbia Register. If memory and records are to be depended upon, Nathan Goff was in command of a company of runaway negroes from the rice plantations around Wilmington, N. C., at the close of the civil war in 1865, and was for a time commandant of that city, strutting around at the head of his runaway negroes, a perfect terror to the servants of that glorious old state. Could anything better be expected even at this late day from this haughty tyrant? This federal understrapper will find his task a little more arduous in his efforts to terrorize the people of grand old South Carolina than he did the defenseless women and children of Wilmington. Then he had his runaway negroes at his command and no foe in front of him save dog and his day. "So siccer tyrants!"

## One Way to Increase the Per Capita.

The editor of The Cave Spring Herald has discovered an entirely new and original solution of the currency question. He says: "If accounts on newspaper delinquents were made legal tenders the weekly press of Georgia could soon flood the country with flexible and elastic currency that would bind old and new, and make millions of hundreds of editors. Don't you think the above is a good scheme? Suppose you agitate the question and give the editors a chance."

## In Editorial Sanctuaries.

Messrs. Wright and Ballenger, of The Telfair Enterprise, have dissolved partnership as publishers. The former will do the editorial work, and the latter will have full management of the paper.

Chatanooga News: Since the editor of The News has been sick a woman's edition has been started.

Chatanooga News: "Squire Jim Hall is going to get out a liars' edition of The Calhoun Times. The gentleman from Buzzard Lope will have charge."

## A Fashion Note from Telfair.

From The Telfair Enterprise. "Street sweepers, or long-tailed coats, are getting to be numerous in Chatanooga. Dr. Smith says the next style will be a very short jacket."

## A SUNDAY SOLO.

Maybe I'll know, when God sees fit  
To touch these eyes and bid deep  
Smooth out the wrinkles of old weariness—  
Bid rest, in its sweetness to creep  
And heal all the aches—the sad, dreary pain—  
Maybe I'll know then why struggling was vain!

Maybe I'll know why the dreams I dreamed,  
When life seemed so bright, so new,  
Faded, e'er broke the first gleam of light,  
A vision of ashes—up and down  
Maybe I'll know why thorns deck my way—  
Why shadows loom dark, where sunbeams gave me light!

Maybe I'll know why longing arms  
Are reached out in cold, empty space,  
While the warmth of the kiss that baby gave me  
Still clings to my grief-stricken face!  
Maybe I'll know when he bids me to smile—  
Maybe I'll know—in that sweet afterlife!—  
EDWARD N. WOOD.

## Corned.

"What all the editor?"  
"Railroad won't let him have his plate matter without he pays up some back freight he owes and he's red hot."  
"Ah, I see—sorter got him on his mettle, as it were."

## Abide With Me.

Abide with me, far darkly looms the future's mystic way,  
My straining eyes yet fail to catch the glew of coming day,  
Still in this gloom all fears give way—all shadows swiftly flee,  
A thrill of peace illumines—if thou abide with me!

Abide with me, while morn is fresh, e'er noonday's scorching heat,  
With lash of fire, lays bursting blooms in death's pale feet,  
Abide with me, when all seems lost—when all the melody  
Of life is choked—yet still I'll sing—if thou abide with me!



# WAR'S HORRORS

In China War Is Hell, as Sherman Said.

## BUTCHERIES IN THE BATTLES

Neither Side Asks or Shares Quarters to the Enemy.

JAPS SAY THEY HAVE TO KILL

The Chinese Do Not Expect Clemency and Fight to the Last.

NO TROUBLE TO NEGOTIATE LOANS

Either Country Can Borrow Any Reasonable Sum from Syndicates Which Are Anxious to Furnish the Money.

Tokio, Japan, April 27.—(Staff Correspondence).—The last battle of the war between Japan and China, Tienchiwang, on the 10th of March, resulted in a butchery fully equaling the horrible atrocities of the Port Arthur massacre. It demonstrated that the bloodthirstiness and brutality of the common soldiers of both oriental races is on a level with that of the American Indian. The Chinese massacre was not more horrible than the slaughter of the Chinese by the Japs at Tienchiwang in the last fight of the war.

Tienchiwang is in Manchuria, but a few miles distant from New Chung. The Chinese army, under command of General Sung, was fortified in it. On the 9th the Japanese army of 40,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry and artillery advanced and attacked General Sung's position from three sides. The Chinese were quickly routed, and the Japanese army entered the town and began the slaughter. Though 1,000 Chinese were killed, but one wounded Chinese was taken prisoner. The wounded who fell on the field were dispatched in true American Indian style. Then the town was sacked and burned and the wounded were bayoneted to death. Letters from eye-witnesses describe the butchery as horrible. After bayoneting the wounded on the field the Japs entered the town and killed every Chinese who offered resistance. None were captured.

In offering an extenuating explanation



A STREET IN YOKOHAMA.

A Japanese correspondent present at the scene writes that "the method of Chinese fighting renders it difficult, if not impossible, to extend to a Chinese soldier the merciful treatment dictated by modern customs. Not because he deprecates a foe to earn money, or mutilates a corpse to satisfy his own cruel instincts, but because not expecting when wounded to be the recipient of clemency that he himself would not show, he does not hesitate to fire upon or stab at every one approaching him. Ready enough to lay if he can save his life by doing so, he fights fiercely when escape is impossible. In the early battles of the war frequent cases are recorded of Chinese lying injured on the battlefield, but up and discharged their rifles at Japanese soldiers approaching without any hostile intention."

A Japanese officer is quoted in one of the papers here as saying that in the course of the Tienchiwang fight his men surrounded a house in which there were twenty Chinese who, refusing to surrender, had to be killed. The same officer also says that as the Japanese entered houses they were fired upon from roofs and cellars, and under such circumstances it became inevitable that every one in the house should be killed.

The Japanese correspondent quoted above, in summing up the case, says: "In this kind of warfare the soldier's blood is up and it becomes almost impossible to restrain them. They treat their wounded enemies as in a treatise a wounded snake, killing it before he gives it a chance to strike. The Japanese must not be judged too harshly if they have not in all cases been able to attain the high feat they set before themselves in the conduct of the present war."

As a matter of fact, while the officers of the Japanese army, the government officials and the higher classes of the people are thoroughly educated, civilized and of a high type of the human race; while they have acquired refined instincts and are indeed as advanced and cultivated as the element of barbarism has not people, yet are entirely expunged from the lower classes; and in cases like the above it will drop out, so to speak, in the common soldiers of the army, just as it does with our Indians, who, educated at eastern schools, return to their native homes and in many cases relapse into barbarism.

And again, when they remember the cruelties which have been practiced upon the few of their comrades who have been

captured by the Chinese enemy, it is but human nature to retaliate in kind.

On the part of the Chinese, rewards were given for the heads of Japanese soldiers and whenever they found a wounded Jap he was first tortured and then decapitated. He was first tortured and then decapitated. Chinese soldiers believing that the same method of torture was to be meted out to them when captured, fight to the last. Thus in the orient war means war. No quarter is given or asked. It is a shock to the civilized world, and Japan particularly has been severely censured for the massacre indulged in by her soldiers. It was expected, China, but not of Japan, in her era of modern civilization.

The civilization of Japan has, however, been overestimated. It has been but twenty years since she commenced the adoption of western ideas. In that time she has made rapid—indeed phenomenal—progress. While her leaders and her younger men are thoroughly up to the modern standard of civilization and culture, and while she has selected and adopted the best of everything represented by our industries, our sciences, our financial and legal experiences and is shaping her acquisitions to meet her own needs, and while she has been assimilative, taking only what can best help her to increase her own strength, it is absurd to say that as a whole Japan is up to the western standard, or is yet one of the great nations of the earth. The older generation is oriental in all the term implies, the younger is modern and western, ambitious and advancing, seeking to become more powerful and has succeeded. They are an impulsive and enthusiastic people, however, whose greatest danger is in overestimating their own strength.

The government has adopted every possible method to prevent detailed reports of some of the happenings of the war getting to the world. It realizes the adverse criticism such atrocities as those practiced at Port Arthur and Tienchiwang will call for, and the western world and has suppressed reports of the same and declined to correspondents the use of the cables for any dispatches except those brief ones prepared by the government and pro-Japanese in character.

Such cruelties call forth censure from the government upon the commanding officers, but the chief officials realize full well that they are difficult to suppress, and while educating their soldiers to the standard of modern warfare it is best to keep from the world all actual occurrences not in consonance with the standard the new civilization of Japan has set up.

It is said that one's first impressions of Japan are the best, and that after the novelty wears off everything appears very different. That may be true. With me the novelty has not worn off, nor is it beginning to wear.

The country and the people grow more interesting with each day. Naturally, being unable to speak the language my association has been principally with the foreigners and largely with the Americans. Americans are as thick here as you find them in Paris, and they are by far more prosperous. Many large American houses, the railroads and the steamship lines have representatives here, and in the great large tea and silk exporting houses considerable numbers of Americans. There are not less than one thousand in Yokohama, and two or three times as many in England. Indeed, a large section of this city of 2,000 inhabi-

ants is turned over to the foreigners, who control nearly all the export trade. The United States buys annually several million dollars of goods from Japan, principally tea and silk, and incidentally many other products distinctively Japanese. We buy from the Japs much more than we sell them. Though much nearer, our manufacturers, as a rule, do not seem disposed to extend their trade, and England and Germany do most of the trading with Japan.

Last year the balance of trade with Japan was \$14,000,000 against us. We only shipped to Japan \$4,000,000 of goods. Japan buys much of our cotton, but it buys it from Liverpool. While Japan has used hundreds of thousands of bales of American cotton in her factories, the records show that less than 10,000 bales have been shipped directly to Japan. It is now Georgia sells cotton to Liverpool; Liverpool ships it to Japan, Japan manufactures it and ships it back to America in the form of cotton rugs and other things which we buy cheaper than they are made right at home; after paying a duty, too. But of this I shall deal in a later letter.

From Yokohama, the principal port, the great mass of Japan's export product is shipped. It is practically two cities—one of foreigners, the other of Japanese, with but a narrow street as a dividing line. The best portion of the city, facing the sea, is given over to foreigners. In it there are brick and stone houses very much like those one sees in Charleston, B. C. None are over two stories in height. A tall building would not stand the earthquake shocks, which are almost of weekly occurrence. There have been two this week. On the bluffs overlooking the harbor in the western part of the city the foreigners have their residences or bungalows—cottages of one and two stories surrounded by beautiful gardens of the flowers and fruits for which Japan is noted the world over. Along the water front or bund adjoining the hotels and clubs, are also a number of residences. Indeed, all the best part of the city is occupied by foreigners. The Japanese business streets and residences are farther back. But few of their buildings are more than one story. None of them are in the line of the water front, and they are divided by screens and covered with thick straw mats. In none of them, except in the stores catering to foreign trade, does one find a chair. The Japs, except the progressive ones who are adopting western

ideas, never use chairs, nor have they beds or furniture of any kind. They sit on the floor and sleep on the floor, using a pillow which looks like an old-time flat-iron, made of wood, with a thick cloth over it. The whole would be the handle of the iron. The outfit looks like a flat iron with the cloth over it. The Japs rest their head upon, and stretched out on the soft matting of the floor, sleep peacefully, if the conscience happens to be clear.

No one wears shoes in a Japanese house. To enter a room means to leave your shoes at the door—shoes would soil the white mats covering the floor. With the leather shoe we wear that is inconvenient, especially when one, upon removing his shoe, finds a hole in the toe of his shoe. It is no trouble for the Jap to step out of his shoe. It is simply a sole of wood or matting with a V-shaped cord across the front attached on either side and in the center, an inch in the rear of the tip end. This center attachment fits between the great toe and the second one. With poorer classes the foot is not covered, but the upper classes wear a thick white linen foot glove, like the fingerless woolen glove, with the great toe part divided from the other, in order that the cord on the alleged shoe may fit between the great toe and the second one. Some of the soles of the wood are an inch thick, rounded off in front like the bow of a Georgia river bateau. Others are fastened on two strips of wood running cross-ways and an inch or more high. How they walk upon these still arrangements and keep them on seems a mystery to the uninitiated, but they do. They even run, and do so with evident ease. The Japanese men who run all the time in pulling their queer little vehicles wear but a sole made of grass, tied across the ball of the foot and from the heel around the instep. The draft horses or ponies, of which there are a few many-looking specimens, very much like the Texas ponies of recent commerce in the southeastern states, though more knobby, clumsy and rougher, wear a shoe of thick matting bound about the hoof.

But it is a life among the foreigners here that I began to write. It is a life of luxurious ease. However much energy an American might have upon his arrival he soon loses it. He does not need it. It is of no use. It can be put to no use. No one except the new arrival is ever in a hurry. It seems to be the motto of every one not to do today what you can put off until tomorrow. The Japanese take their time about everything. They look at you in amazement when told to hurry, but they do everything systematically and never devote their attention to but one thing until that is concluded. The foreign residents have adopted the leisurely habits of the Japs.

Among foreigners it is only when mails are coming and going that the business men have much to do, and foreign mails only arrive and depart every week or ten days. Sometimes fifteen days intervene between the reception of English and American mail. The English and continental mail comes via America, that being a shorter and faster route than through the Suez canal and around by Singapore. In consequence of the long time between mails the clubs are popular resorts, much frequented during the day, but little so in the evenings. After 7 o'clock in the evening they are almost deserted. Every one dines at 7:30 o'clock and every one entertains; dinner parties being the popular form.

Elaborate dinners here are inexpensive, nor does the preparation cause a moment's annoyance to the hostess. The life of one's wife is even more luxurious case than that of the husband. The Japs are the best servants in the world, and one can have a house full of them for the same amount we pay one servant.

The detailed account of housekeeping given by the life of a Georgian living here, yesterday, will provide interest to every reader with a home. It was after an elaborate dinner to a party of six. "To give a dinner is of no annoyance to me whatever, and the expense is a trifle," said she. "In the first place, American money is worth two dollars for one here, and a Japanese dollar will buy almost twice as much as a dollar buys at home, with the single exception of ham. Nearly all that is brought from America. So you see, meats, vegetables and so forth cost little more than a fourth of what they do at home, and French wines, being imported with but 5 per cent duty, are very cheap.

"When I invite my friends to a dinner I simply notify my head boy that I want an extra nice dinner, so many on a certain day. He returns later with a written report of what the menu should be. I simply glance over it, strike out a dish here and there or insert one. The boy makes it all entirely to him. Many times I leave the purchases, instructs the cook and prepares everything. The system here is different from what it is at home. The head boy has charge of all the servants in the house, except the amahs (house maids or children's nurses)."

"The head boy in each house receives ten yen a month—\$5 in our money. The other servants get from three to eight yen a month; and the servants provide their own food. "At the end of each month my head boy furnishes me with a detailed statement of all expenditures including the salaries of himself and the other servants. He attends to everything and pays for everything. I presume he gets a small rebate from the merchants from whom he buys, but with that, he can purchase much cheaper than I can.

"In our little family of three we have four servants, exclusive of the coachman. They cost us \$15 a month in American money, and we make no provision for them whatever. Even my little son's amah, who sleeps in the house, provides her own meals. They do not care for our style of food, preferring their own rice and fish. "Instead of owning a carriage, we rent one from a livery stable—a very pretty one-horse Victoria—at our disposal at all times, day and night, and with a regular driver, at a total cost of thirty yen a month—\$15. We simply provide the driver's livery."

"So you may imagine how pleasant life is to one living here in the far east. Of course, one misses one's relatives and intimate friends at home, but the people here are charming, and there is no place in the world where one can spend a few years more delightfully cheaper."

I noticed in a copy of The Constitution, which came yesterday, that a distinguished lecturer in talking about Japan in Atlanta said the Japs had no profane words in their vocabulary. Inquiry among scholars and long residents here proves that it is just the contrary. While our words of profanity are not translatable into Japanese there is in their language words of most intensely vile character, which are frequently heard among the lower strata and in every city of Japan. They have profanity of a vile and lower character than the English-speaking people, though among the better class of Japs it is never indulged in.

As strange as it may seem, it is almost impossible to translate Japanese into English. A literal translation produces the most absurd results. It is only the scholar who can get the general idea of a Japanese paragraph and then construct a paragraph to express the idea which can be translated. The guide that one scores know but little English, and the best interpreters can do but little. However, there are many Japs one finds here educated in America or England who are scholars and who speak English fluently. Like in France, one finds English-speaking people in all the principal cities. But some of the English here had a prominent Japanese gentleman with me, "It much pleasure gives me that honor upon me called you have." And in Tokyo, I read this sign in English, "Tokio bakery of all kinds made and flour for sale."

In a store if you call for anything which they have not it is "no have got." To go upstairs it is to "go top side." A warehouse is a "go-down," a house is a "bungalow," a dock is a "hatch," a maid servant is "amah," a note, or a letter, or an I owe you is "a chit," a new arrival is a "triffin," a store, or place of business, is a "hong," a boat is a "campau," luncheon is "tiffin," all of which is plain English or local English, used by every one.

Everything is very cheap in Japan, and particularly clothing. There are scores of Chinese and Japanese tailors here. If you leave the fit to them your clothes will hang upon you like a bag, but if you happen to have a suit that fits you they will copy it perfectly. So imitative are they that a new arrival, who had torn his pants upon the steamer and had a patch in them, upon ordering a new pair gave his old ones as a sample to be reproduced in fit, and when the new ones came, to his amazement, he found a similar patch in them. They are the best imitators in the world, but are behind as creators.

Though the negotiations between China and Japan have ended and the treaty of peace is about to be ratified by both governments, it begins to look like Japan will again be involved in another war or will have to return to China some of the territory China ceded her.

It may be mere rumor or it may be true that Russia has ordered Japan out of Manchuria. The Japanese are like the Russians in one respect. They give out no news. They refuse to talk and when their newspapers print news or rumors not thought by the ministry were to be published they are suppressed. Ten days ago five were suppressed, and only yesterday the Japs Shimpou, the two greatest newspapers of Tokyo, were suppressed for printing the news that a Russian fleet was being mobilized in oriental waters and that Russia would not submit to Japan acquiring Manchurian territory or establishing a protectorate over Korea. No reason was assigned by the government for suppressing these papers, but that being the only sensational news in them, it was unquestionably the reason.

Just what Russia intends to do is not known, though a cable from Europe says Russia, Germany and France have combined to prevent Japan acquiring so much new territory, and that England was asked to join the alliance, but declined. Certainly actions of the Russian representatives here and the alarm evidenced by the Japanese would indicate that serious complications are resulting between Japan and Russia. The Russian war vessel at Yokohama is booked to sail for Kobe tomorrow with the Russian and German ministers aboard, and it is said that within ten days a dozen Russian naval vessels and several French and German ones will be massed in the harbor of Kobe, Japan's second port.

Russia now has a modern vessel in oriental waters and eleven more are en route and will be here within ten days. That Russia should mass thirty-one of her most powerful war vessels here would seem to mean that she intends to prevent Japan acquiring Manchuria and Korea. Russia wants a harbor at Broughton bay, on the southeastern coast of Korea. The only harbor which has view on her eastern frontier—Vladivostok—has frozen over half the year and she must have an open harbor here, especially since Japan has become a nation of such power.

If Russia is really determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

is determined to prevent Japan acquiring the Chinese territory ceded her there may be a war between Korea and Japan. The best opinion, however, is that it will not be that serious. For Russia cannot afford to have war with strained. And again, the Japanese ministry realizes that Japan, financially and otherwise, is in no condition for a second war just now, and especially with such a power as Russia. If it be true that Germany

a significant document, thoroughly oriental. It says:

"Since the development of the nation can be attained by peace, it is a divine duty imposed upon us by our ancestors and it has been our intention and endeavor since our accession to the throne to maintain peace so as to enjoy it constantly. Unfortunately the hostilities with China broke out last year, and we were forced to appeal to arms. It has been impossible to put an end to the war for more than ten months, but our servants of state, in concert with the army and navy and the two houses of parliament have all well observed our desire and carried out our plan. At home they have planned and labored, supplied funds, filled all wants and strengthened the defenses. Abroad



"AS SHE LOOKED AT ME FROM THE COUCH OF AN OPIUM JOINT."

they have combed in the wind and bathed in the rain, exposed themselves to the extreme cold and heat and risked hundreds of dangers and thousands of deaths. Everything yielded to the flag of the Rising Sun wherever it went, and the expeditionary troops have got the fame for their benevolence and moderation. Diplomatic arrangements have been quickly and ably performed. The dignity and honor of the empire have thus been maintained, and we have thus been able to accomplish our object of national development with your support.

"We have negotiated peace with China and agreed upon amicitia, and the conclusion of the war is now near at hand. The sincerity of China's repentance for the breach of friendship is now clear, and the terms settled by our plenipotentiaries are in perfect accord with our intentions. Peace and honor have been both obtained, and this is due to the meritorious co-operations of our civil and military servants. The success of our ancestors has thus been strengthened and our duties toward our ancestors are now becoming more weighty, whereupon we must again let our intentions to you, our subjects, be made known after the exchange of ratifications of the peace treaty, the friendly relations will be restored and made closer than ever. Observe this, our intention."

"H. I. J. M.'S SIGN MANIA. Privy Seal.

"April 21, 1895. "Countersigned "KATO HIRABUMI. "Minister President of State." This document and the talk of Russia's demands has allayed all internal political strife. The people, expecting further foreign complications, are holding together now, and public sentiment is apparently in favor of Japan adopting a vigorous foreign policy and asserting her rights to all she has acquired from China as indemnity for peace.

It is said that China is to pay her money—indemnity to Japan very soon, the terms being that Japan is to hold Wei-hai-wei until the indemnity is paid, and Wei-hai-wei commanding the gateway to Peking, China naturally wants to regain possession of it. The two hundred million taels, or about \$100,000,000 in our money, at the present rate of exchange, is to be paid in silver. Already China has been offered several times the amount, John W. Foster, our ex-secretary of state, who was employed by China in the peace negotiations and who gets \$100,000 for his services, is said to have made the deal for an American syndicate to lend China one-half the amount. The other part will probably be secured in England or Germany. There are a dozen American, English and German syndicates bidding for the loan.

What effect the shipment of such a large amount of silver to the orient will have upon the value of that metal, and how it will affect the present bimetallic agitation in America, England and Germany, is an interesting question. Were demands to be made in the United States for silver billion to the value of 100,000,000 taels the metal would be scarce. A tall order, even the gradual withdrawal of silver from western countries for shipment to the east will probably affect the value. Of course the early payment of the indemnity will be welcomed by Japan, for the government needs money for the expenses to be incurred in acquiring and organizing her new territory if Russia does not protest, and if Russia does and Japan refuses to heed it, then she will need it even more.

There are all sorts of suggestions advanced among the Japanese people and in the newspapers as to the disposition to be made of the indemnity money. It is first proposed to pay a 2,000,000 yen foreign loan and a 10,000,000 yen loan from the Japan National Bank. Then there are propositions to use a large portion of it in increasing the navy and fortifications, and smaller portions for these purposes. To endow the Imperial university, for a pension fund, for an international exposition, for railway construction, for the establishment of a steel foundry and for various other purposes. Certain it is that this money will be used to the best advantage and to the best interests of Japan, which is advancing more rapidly today in all branches of industry and education than any other country in the world.

The diplomacy of her statements in preventing any complications with other nations during the progress of the war has demonstrated their ability. She has handled

her affairs with wonderful tact and diplomacy, and this naturally leads one to believe that she will handle the recent complications with Russia in the same manner and prevent a general imbroglio between the great nations having possession in the far east. While the war spirit is high in Japan and the people are ready to endorse a declaration of war against any country that attempts to impede Japan's progress, the ministry is composed of far-seeing statesmen who know just what Japan can do, and who will prevent, if possible, any further complications of a serious nature. But it is quite safe to predict that if Russia has made peremptory demands upon Japan to keep out of Manchuria, and is not in an alliance with Germany and France, Japan will not accede. In that event Russia and Japan would clash, but the game would not be worth the candle to Russia. Perhaps she is only making this show of force to induce Japan to agree to her acquiring a harbor in Korea and Broughton bay.



"THE BROTHER OF THE MAUMOE."

Mr. Masury was apparently a man in the best of health, though advanced in years. He had an active force in Thomasville and will be missed.

The story is told of Mr. Masury that when asked the secret of his success in life he said that he had no secret principle. Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow; never do anything unless you can make somebody else do; never let business interfere with pleasure. I am not responsible for the genuineness of the story, but it's good.

Judge John D. Berry, who was named by the governor to be judge of the city court of Atlanta, but whose appointment has as yet not received the endorsement of the senate, has been talking politics in the east. Here is the way he sizes up Georgia affairs through The Washington Post.

"It looks to me," said Mr. Berry, "as though a great portion of the southern people are going to be free silver. They will wake up some day to a realization of the fact that the gold standard is the only one in the United States the southerners ought to stand most inflexibly in favor of. The gold standard is the only one in the United States the southerners ought to stand most inflexibly in favor of. The gold standard is the only one in the United States the southerners ought to stand most inflexibly in favor of."

Judge John Hart, the able and popular judge of the Oglethorpe circuit, is in a position to receive the congratulations of his friends. This is the third son—three of a kind—of the late Judge Berry, who was a pair that can be drawn.

Some of the political workers have dropped in on the Kimball during the week, and although they have sunk into comparative insignificance by the side of the red-headed and green horn of the Order of Railway Conductors, they managed to let fall a few pointers. Among these were: That Judge Fisher and Solicitor Brown—these two are not at all likely to get into any fight, despite the talk.

That Bob Hodges and Hope Polhill are going to have a lively time of it in the Macon suit, both are in the solid ship fight.

That Judge Jim Guerry is out of politics unless a railroad commissionership should be his, and then he'd be willing to sacrifice himself.

That Tom Watson isn't at all pleased with the delay in calling that election in the tenth district and is devising himself to the law.

That Bill Howard will not come to the senate from Oglethorpe, but will come to the house instead, preferring a more active role than the upper house affords.

That Hugh Rockwell and Billy Osborne are going to make a fight of it for the Chatham senatorship, Wallace Frasse being out of it.

That Gus Fite has a judicial bee-a-buzz in the upper story of his business. This is taken from the records of the court dated June 13, 1894: Latham and Moore vs. Joseph Wilson. I do confess judgment for the sum of \$18,100 with costs, with five months stay of execution, to be discharged on the payment of good and lawful bonds delivered at the town of Washington, it paid by the time, at \$1 per gallon. Signed, Joseph Wilson. Attest: John Matthews, clerk."

Her Bust of Her Foot. From The Detroit Free Press.

A lady, commenting upon pretty feet to a friend in a street car, said: "I have a Tribby foot, and have had a bust taken of it."

Register For Bond Election.

The people of Atlanta are urged to register and vote for bonds. No question of more importance has been before the public in years. The success of our public school system, the increase in our waterworks supply, the extension of our main sewers, the proper and healthful disposition of our refuse matter by cremation, all depend on the carrying of these bonds. Registration books close May 25th.











**All wool Dress Patterns**  
7 yards of 40 to 44 inch goods in each piece, worth \$3.50 and no less, every one. Choice on Bargain Table  
**At \$1.50**

**Dress Goods**  
Double width Dress Goods, plaid and mixed effects. For a very cheap dress they are very good.  
**Per yard 10c**

**Extra Skirts**  
Of mixed cheviot. We could not make them for the price we sell the completed skirt. In navy only.  
**Each 98c**

**75 Shopping Bags**  
Made of finest leather, and as good as money can make them, worth to \$2. To be closed quick at  
**25c Each**

**200 Pieces of Stamped Linen**  
Tray Covers, Tidies, Scarfs, Table Covers, Center Pieces, etc., an odd lot, only a few of a kind, worth to 35c each.  
**Choice at 10c**

**Closing Sale of Children's Gingham and Dimity Dresses.**  
Ages 4 to 12, all beautifully trimmed and made up in the best manner. Styles that were \$2.50 to \$4.50, now \$1.50. Styles that were \$1.50 to \$2.25, now 75c.

**Ladies' Gowns**  
Empire Style, also 16 other desirable styles, worth to \$1.50  
**Each 98c**

**Plisse Royal**  
The new and popular printed Wash Fabric, 2 cases. Special price.  
**Per yard 7 1-2c**

**Yard wide Percales**  
High grades, desirable styles,  
**10c**

**Ginghams**  
Used to be 10c grade, any number of good styles, in plaids and checks,  
**Now 5c**

**Thousands of yards of Remnants**  
Percales, Dimities, Lawns, Ginghams, etc., a grand clearing up, goods worth up to 15c yard.  
**All at 5c**

**Summer Outing Flannels**  
Light Shades and a full line of patterns  
**At 5c**

**Red and Black Calicoes**  
On sale in the Bargain Annex.  
**Price per yd 2 1-2c**

## Dressmaking.

The department under Mrs. Mino's management is doing the most acceptable work of its existence. How simple it makes it—You place your order with us for any kind of suit you wish, and are sure of getting the best styles, the best work, the best fit, possible to get. Costumes to order, including work and all materials,  
**From \$20.00 up.**

## Silks for Now

Right up with the moment. Styles and price strictly right. The great volume of silks we sell keeps before you a constantly changing stock. New things almost daily. The best of the world's products, at the right time, at the right price.  
Corded Habataui Silks, checked Taffeta Silks, about 100 pieces of assorted colorings and designs. New York calls them cheap at 50c. We ask **35c**  
Brocaded Louisines, in medium shadings, weight right for summer waists, 22 inches wide, **The price 50c**  
A special lot of some 25 pieces of our very best dollar figured Taffetas, designs and colors the very best, **Price cut to 75c**  
Taffeta Plisse and Brocaded Taffetas and Louisines, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50 grades, entire lot goes on sale, in one pile, at one price, **\$1.00**  
Cheney's 24 inch black China and twilled India Silks, never sold under \$1.00 yard, **Special price 75c**  
Satin Duchesse at **75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and up**  
Peau de Soie, **\$1.00 and \$1.50**  
In for this week's sale, new line of small figured all black Taffetas, Gros Grains and Gros de Londres, **75c and \$1.00**

**Ready Made Suits.**  
Models up to date. Made up in the best tailor fashion. Perfect fitting coats and wide, liberal skirts.  
Lot Duck Suits. Only a few of each kind, special values at each price, **\$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50**  
Duck Suits, new style Eton Jacket, belt effect, in brown and gray Cassimere effects, **Each \$5.00**  
All wool Serge Suits, cutaway, short coat effects, wide, full, new style skirt, in navy and black, **Price \$7.50**  
Roll collar, braided Serge Suit, fine material and a stylish suit, **Each \$10.00**  
Eton Serge Suits, new belt effects, coat silk lined throughout, in navy and black, **Each \$15.00**  
New arrival by Saturday's express, Duck Suits, latest styles, dark, medium and light shadings, **\$3.50, \$2.50 and \$2.00**

**Colored Dress Goods**  
Quality considered, style considered, price considered, the items here named make by big odds the most interesting feature of dress goods retailing for the coming week.  
75 Dress Patterns of all wool materials, cheviot and homespun mixtures, not a suit in the lot worth less than three times the price named, 7 yards in each piece, **Each \$1.50**  
100 pieces of double width Dress Stuffs, plaids, mixtures, etc, worth up to 25c., **Choice at 10c**  
All wool and silk and wool Novelty Mixed Dress Goods, 42 inches wide, values up to 75c, **At 35c**  
At 75c yard, high grade Dress Stuffs, a big assortment, desirable styles, values up to \$1.50.  
Navy and black all wool Serge, 36 inches wide, at **25c**  
Storm Serge in navy, 54 inches wide, wide wale and foule twill, **Special value at 75c**  
Cravenette, navy, the finest waterproof fabric made, 60 inches wide, **Price \$1.75**  
Clay worsted, soft fine finish, 58 inches wide, the best wearing, best looking fabric of the season, **Price per yard \$1.50**

## Ready Made Suits.



Models up to date. Made up in the best tailor fashion. Perfect fitting coats and wide, liberal skirts.  
Lot Duck Suits. Only a few of each kind, special values at each price, **\$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50**  
Duck Suits, new style Eton Jacket, belt effect, in brown and gray Cassimere effects, **Each \$5.00**  
All wool Serge Suits, cutaway, short coat effects, wide, full, new style skirt, in navy and black, **Price \$7.50**

Roll collar, braided Serge Suit, fine material and a stylish suit, **Each \$10.00**  
Eton Serge Suits, new belt effects, coat silk lined throughout, in navy and black, **Each \$15.00**  
New arrival by Saturday's express, Duck Suits, latest styles, dark, medium and light shadings, **\$3.50, \$2.50 and \$2.00**

## Colored Dress Goods

Quality considered, style considered, price considered, the items here named make by big odds the most interesting feature of dress goods retailing for the coming week.  
75 Dress Patterns of all wool materials, cheviot and homespun mixtures, not a suit in the lot worth less than three times the price named, 7 yards in each piece, **Each \$1.50**  
100 pieces of double width Dress Stuffs, plaids, mixtures, etc, worth up to 25c., **Choice at 10c**  
All wool and silk and wool Novelty Mixed Dress Goods, 42 inches wide, values up to 75c, **At 35c**  
At 75c yard, high grade Dress Stuffs, a big assortment, desirable styles, values up to \$1.50.  
Navy and black all wool Serge, 36 inches wide, at **25c**  
Storm Serge in navy, 54 inches wide, wide wale and foule twill, **Special value at 75c**  
Cravenette, navy, the finest waterproof fabric made, 60 inches wide, **Price \$1.75**  
Clay worsted, soft fine finish, 58 inches wide, the best wearing, best looking fabric of the season, **Price per yard \$1.50**

**Ladies' Wrappers** Outing Flannel  
Wrappers, full ruffled shoulders, big puff sleeves, spring weight cloth and spring patterns, the most remarkable wrapper price of the season, **Each \$1.25**

**Ladies' Waists** Any number of styles, enough to please anybody in silk or washable Waists. Made up with full big sleeves and of the most desirable materials.  
Special Washable Madras waist like cut, made in the most excellent manner yoke back, full front, and bought to sell at \$1.00. Special price, **Each 75c**



## Ladies' Waists

Any number of styles, enough to please anybody in silk or washable Waists. Made up with full big sleeves and of the most desirable materials.  
Special Washable Madras waist like cut, made in the most excellent manner yoke back, full front, and bought to sell at \$1.00. Special price, **Each 75c**



We place our reputation back of everything we advertise—back of everything we sell.

**DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVISON,**  
61 Whitehall, Half the block on Broad.

## Extra Skirts



Made up just like the best dressmaker made. Skirts that cost twice as much, and of the best materials obtainable for each price; altered to fit exactly where any changes. Wool mixed cheviot skirts, in navy only, full width and length, **Each 98c**  
Mohair Serge Skirts in blue and black, lined throughout, organ pipe back, the latest effect, would be good value at \$7.50. But we make the price **\$5.00**

Plain Sicilian Skirts, the nicest, lightest weight, most serviceable skirt a woman can buy, organ pipe back, lined with the new rustle lining, non-breakable, **\$12.50 and \$10.00**

Silk figured Brilliantine Skirt, full organ pipe back, lined throughout with the new rustle Taffeta lining, **Each \$10.00**

Crepon Skirts, lined all through, made right and shaped right, gotten up to sell at \$10.00. While they last, **Each \$7.50**

## Black Dress Goods

Here, above all places, you want reliability. We recommend that you buy of houses only these goods, these

in whom you have confidence. These goods, these

Mohair Brilliantine, a fabric just now in high favor, fine lustre, 42 inches wide, **Price per yard \$1.00**

B. Priestley's all wool Melrose, as nice material as any lady need wear, 42 inches wide, **Price 75c**

Small figured Tamise, Priestley's make, a most excellent fabric, and particularly desirable right now, 44 inches wide, **Price \$1.00**

Clay worsted, 45 inches wide, fine soft finish, and the very best thing in the entire serge school, **Price 75c**

56 inch Storm Serge, wide wale design, generally \$1.00, **Price here 75c**

45 inch all wool silk finish Henriettas, always and everywhere 75c, **This lot at 50c**

Figured Brilliantines, assorted patterns, 40 inches, **Price 35c**

French Crepons, new shipments almost daily, better styles and lower prices than a month ago, **\$2.50 to 75c yard**

Skirt lengths in assorted materials, they can be bought at very special prices. Ask to see them.

## Fans

Japanese Fans have the day. Our line covers the ground completely, **5c to \$1.50 Each**

All black, silk Jap Fans, carved handles, **\$1.00**

Spangled silk, carved handle Jap Fans, in any color you wish, **\$1.25, \$1.00 and 75c**

Silver leaf Empire Fans, carved handles and finely made, the popular fad, **Each 50c**

Japanese carved handle Fans, with the new narrow sticks, beautiful decorations, **Each 25c**

Full lines at **20c, 15c, 10c and 5c**

Children's Jap Fans, a pretty line, **Each 10c**

## That Basement Crockery Store

Is the most attractive place in this big store, possibly the most attractive place in this big town. Entire floor devoted to Crockery and Housefurnishings. However, its attractiveness from an artistic standpoint is merely an incidental feature. The goods and prices are the strong reasons why you should visit the department this week.

## English Parcelain Ware

Here are some figures that cannot fail to interest. Note the character and style of the goods quoted, and compare with what you have always paid.

English Porcelain Pastry Plates, per dozen, 50c,  
English Porcelain Tea Plates, per dozen, 70c,  
English Porcelain Breakfast Plates, per dozen, 85c,  
English Porcelain Fruit Saucers, per dozen, 30c,  
English Porcelain Covered Dishes, each, 59c,  
English Porcelain Gravy Boats, each, 25c,  
English Porcelain Pickle Dishes, 15c.  
And all other goods in the line in same proportion.

## A Sale of Cups and Saucers.

Don't miss seeing these. Some 75 dozen, fine China, nicely decorated, some worth 25, some 35c, some 50c, and up to 75c each. All on one big table, and your choice at **Each 15c**

## Glassware

Heavy Hotel Goblets, flint glass, per dozen, 50c,  
Flint glass Vinegar Jugs, 5c,  
Cream Pitchers, very extra, each, 5c,  
Pitchers, half gallon size, each, 25c,  
Flint glass Water Bottles, each, 25c,  
Pepper and Salt Shakers, beautifully tinted, 5c,  
Thin Blown Tumblers, per dozen, 40c,  
Thin Blown Tumblers, with Star and band, doz. 50c,  
Thin Blown Glass Tumblers, etched designs, doz. 60c.

## Handkerchiefs

Just in, a hundred dozen lot of Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs, scalloped edges and embroidered corners, **Each 5c**

Ladies' unlaundried hemstitched Lawn Handkerchiefs, **Each 5c**

Men's full size white hemstitched Lawn Handkerchiefs, and colored border cord edge Handkerchiefs, **Each 5c**

Ladies' all pure linen white hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 3 width hems, **Each 10c**

Men's pure linen unlaundried Handkerchiefs, hemstitched and full size, **15c Each, a dozen \$1.75**

Ladies' pure linen, unlaundried, hemstitched, convent embroidered Handkerchiefs, **15c Each, a dozen for \$1.75**

## Kid Gloves Silk Gloves

This store stands back of the gloves it sells. We keep the makers back of us and make them responsible for all defects. The wearer takes no risks here. White Mocha Gloves, the raging fad, 4 big buttons, black or white stitching, **\$1.50**

2 clasp Monarch, the swiftest of all kid gloves, new P. K. stitching, best shades, **\$2.00**

Perrin's famous Gloves, in black and all desirable shadings; the best cut, best wearing glove made, **\$1.50**

Note the quality, the shape, the get up, the line of colors, of our dollar gloves, as much better than the average \$1.00 glove as this store is better than the average store

Kayser Patent Silk Gloves, the kind that wear, and look well while they wear, **\$1.00, 75c and 50c**

Kayser Silk Mitts, better than anybody's silk mitts. We have extra sizes for big hands. Also full line of opera lengths in white, cream and black, **\$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c**

Children's Mitts in colors and black **At 25c**

## Shoes

Price of leather is advancing; Shoes cost up to 25c pair more. We will maintain old prices on our present immense stock, because we need money and must realize the cash.

Kid and satin strap Sandals, like cut, white and colors, also black, sizes 13 to 6, for Commencement, **\$1.00**

Whita kid Opera Slippers, without strap, **\$1.00**

About 50 pairs of those \$2.50 Oxfords, like cut, also square, common sense and pointed toes, 6 styles carried over from last season (of course we warrant them to give perfect satisfaction), a special on bargain counter, **To close out at \$1.75**

3 button Oxfords, fine vici kid, pointed toes, like cut, or narrow square, very stylish and popular, custom made. **\$2.00.**

Our Famous \$3.50 Men's Shoe is warranted to give as much wear and satisfaction as \$5.00 shoes. We have them in tans and black, also kangaroo calf, 12 styles.

A center counter bargain of Men's Shoes at \$3.00, worth up to \$5.00, about 40 pairs; reduced to close. Some very fine patent leathers among them.

And let us do it. We know how, have the wherewith, and by reason of our Know How can do it at the lowest possible cost to you.

If you make it Matting we are with you, and start them off, per roll of 40 yards, at **\$3.90 for the Roll**

Inlaid Jap Matting, good to look upon and good to wear, **Roll of 40 yards \$6.00**

Ingrain Art Squares, big enough to cover all the used part of an ordinary room, a very sensible floor covering, **Each \$3.50**

Japanese Art Squares, those lovely oriental designs and color blends, made only in the east—to be had in all sizes, and as low as **\$5.00**

Best all wool extra super Ingrain Carpeting [remember what you've always paid]; our big second floor department now asks **Only 50c**

All wool Ingrains at a lower price still, 1895 patterns, variety enough for anybody, at **Per yard 45c**

Best Body Brussels, with borders, patterns new with 1895, and shown only on the D. T. & D. carpet floors, **95c per Yard**

Linoleum, for stores, for halls, for bath rooms, or for whatever use you choose to put it, **Per yard 50c**

Napier Matting for offices, etc., good for almost endless wear, **Price per yard 40c**

Reed Portier Curtains, **Each \$1.25**

## Cover That Floor

And let us do it. We know how, have the wherewith, and by reason of our Know How can do it at the lowest possible cost to you.

If you make it Matting we are with you, and start them off, per roll of 40 yards, at **\$3.90 for the Roll**

Inlaid Jap Matting, good to look upon and good to wear, **Roll of 40 yards \$6.00**

Ingrain Art Squares, big enough to cover all the used part of an ordinary room, a very sensible floor covering, **Each \$3.50**

Japanese Art Squares, those lovely oriental designs and color blends, made only in the east—to be had in all sizes, and as low as **\$5.00**

Best all wool extra super Ingrain Carpeting [remember what you've always paid]; our big second floor department now asks **Only 50c**

All wool Ingrains at a lower price still, 1895 patterns, variety enough for anybody, at **Per yard 45c**

Best Body Brussels, with borders, patterns new with 1895, and shown only on the D. T. & D. carpet floors, **95c per Yard**

Linoleum, for stores, for halls, for bath rooms, or for whatever use you choose to put it, **Per yard 50c**

Napier Matting for offices, etc., good for almost endless wear, **Price per yard 40c**

Reed Portier Curtains, **Each \$1.25**

## Standard Cotton Checks

Plaids and staple patterns, on sale in the Annex **At 3 1-2c**

## Silvered Belt Buckles

The kind always seen at 25c. Your choice of any number of styles **At 10c**

## Ladies' Vests

Taped neck, crochet neck and arms, special value, Jersey ribbed, **Each 10c**

## All Silk Ribbons

Up to No. 22, any color you want, price up to 35c yard, **Now at 10c**

## Ladies' Vests

Ribbed style, crochet neck and arms, not worth 25c, but very cheap **At 4c**

## Embroideries

Here's a lot from a higher priced sale, all more or less mused, but just as good for all practical purposes. Fine Swiss and Jaconet, wide margin goods, of the most desirable sorts, worth two or three times the price we name to close them. See them on big center counter at **Per yard 9c**

## Tin Ware

8 inch Pie Plates, **Each 2 1-2c**  
9 inch Pie Plates, **Each 3c**  
1 quart Sauce Pans, **Each 7c**  
2 quart Sauce Pans, **Each 10c**  
3 quart Sauce Pans, **Each 12c**  
And in proportion through the whole list.

## Honey Comb Cotton Towels

Very big size—54 by 24—10c each, **A dozen for \$1.00**

## Linen Towels

Huck, either fringed or hemmed, 21 by 43 and 20 by 38 inch sizes—15c each, **A dozen for \$1.75**

## Knitting Silk

Any color you want, big balls. You know the usual price. This lot, **3 Balls for 25c**

## Royal Laundry Soap

There is no better. A limited quantity only to sell. **10 Bars for 25c**

## 50 Pieces of Twilled Towel Crash

In 25 yard rolls—the full roll **For \$1.00**

## Dress Patterns

Of Delaine Suitings, 38 inch goods and 7 yards in each pattern, **Per pattern 50c**

## Umbrellas

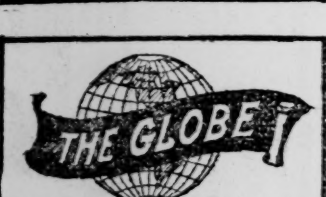
Fast black, wear resisting, natural wood handles, **Each 75c**





## WE WIND THE BUSINESS CLOCK DAILY

No slowing of the pace through want of power. Ceaseless, tireless, pleasureable work, gathering dependable goods for our public. And every step of our progress is met by more whole soul appreciation from you. The stream of newness is never low, 'twas never higher than now. Dollars never bought so much merchandise, they never flew so nimbly. There's one place in this broad land where business isn't dull. The reason for it is reason enough to bring still larger throngs. "IT'S SELLING GOOD BEST."



Men's All-wool  
**SPRING SUITS**  
Worth fully \$10, at  
THE GLOBE this  
week,  
**\$5.00**

Men's  
FINE  
ALL-WOOL SUITS  
Worth fully \$15.00; at The Globe  
this week,  
**\$7.50.**

Men's Fine All-  
Wool  
**SUITS**  
Worth \$18; at The  
Globe this week,  
**\$9.75.**

Men's....  
**SPRING SUITS**  
Worth fully \$7, at  
The Globe this week  
**\$3.98.**

**Stiff Hats...**  
In Dunlap, Youmans  
and Miller Blocks.  
Worth \$2, at The Globe 95c.  
Worth \$2.50, at The Globe \$1.45.  
Worth \$3, at The Globe \$1.35.

....CAPS....  
Boys' and Misses' Yacht,  
Eton, Reeler and Tam  
O'Shanter Caps at  
10c, 25c and 48c.  
Worth double and treble  
the price.

**Sweaters.**  
The best Sweaters for  
25c in the market, both  
for men and boys. Men's  
heavy all wool sweaters,  
full regular made,  
**Only 48c.**

**BOYS' GALATEA CLOTH**  
**Washable Suits**  
Worth fully \$1, at The  
Globe this week,  
**48c.**

Men's Fine All-Wool  
**SUITS,**  
Worth full \$20.00;  
At The Globe this  
week,  
**\$12.50**

Men's Finest All-  
Wool  
**SUITS,**  
Worth fully \$22.50,  
At The Globe this  
week,  
**\$15.00.**

**Neckwear.**  
A most exquisite line of  
Spring Colorings; all  
the newest shades in  
Silk and Satin, worth  
fully 50c. At The Globe  
this week,  
**25c**

**The Latest**  
In Imperial, Teck, Flats,  
Four-in-Hands, Club House  
and Band Rows, elegant  
quality of Silk and Satin.  
Worth fully \$1.00.  
At THE GLOBE  
this week,  
**50c**

### We Don't Expect . . .

This advertisement, or any one advertisement, to bring you to us for your Wearables. But, by telling you each day about some part of our merchandise or our policy we hope to give you a fair idea of us and our Clothes. So that you may make up your mind whether, on the whole, this is the store where you want to buy your Clothes, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings.

Can't particularize, costs too much; but of course we have whatever the new season demands. If we haven't, the trade belongs to a brighter store.

Table after table piled with elegant Spring Suits in newest shades and patterns—fine Serges, finished or unfinished Worsteds, fancy mixed Cassimeres, Clay Worsteds, Diagonals and other fine fabrics—New "Grand" and three-button Cutaway Frocks, in correct lengths—Princeton, Cambridge and Oxford Sacks in medium and long cuts and double breasted Sacks.

Chose for yourself—they are all excellent, and no tailor could make and trim them better.



### Our Mail Order --- Department.

We make a specialty of mail order business, sending goods to all parts of the country. We guarantee all goods to be exactly as represented, or refund the money. This feature of our business secures and retains the confidence of a vast patronage who have found it a pleasure to deal with a house whose reliability is assured and where orders are promptly filled. Samples of suits and pants, or price list of shoes sent to any address.



### GET INTO A GOOD THING! ... OUR TROUSERS ...

For instance—the ones we sell. There's lots of little points about our Trousers making that is different—the difference is shown in the wear. Another excellence about our Trousers is the hang, the fit, the style.

We begin at—  
\$1.50 for \$2.50 Trousers.  
\$2.00 for \$4.00 Trousers.  
\$2.50 for \$5.00 Trousers.  
\$3.00 for \$5.50 Trousers.  
\$3.50 for \$6.00 Trousers.

Come around and walk away with a pair. Your friends will follow suit.

### Children's . . . ... Clothing.

\$1.48 buys choice of Children's Woolen Cheviot Double-Breasted Knee Pants Suits; value \$3.  
\$1.75 buys choice of Children's splendid Suits; positively worth \$3.50.  
\$2.50 buys choice of 500 all-wool, double breasted knee Pants, ages 4 to 15 years, that sell regularly at \$3.50 and \$4.  
\$2.98 buys choice of Children's Junior Reeler and double breasted Suits, in all the new shades; value \$5.  
\$3.98 buys choice of Children's very fine Knee Pants Suits, in all the new styles and colors, etc., sold regularly at \$6.  
Knee Pants, all-wool Cheviots, neat patterns; patent waistbands; 4 to 15 years; worth 75c. . . . . 48c



### Our Mail Order --- Department.

We make a specialty of mail order business, sending goods to all parts of the country. We guarantee all goods to be exactly as represented, or refund money. This feature of our business secures and retains the confidence of a vast patronage who have found it a pleasure to deal with a house whose reliability is assured and where orders are promptly filled. Samples of suits and pants, or price list of shoes sent to any address.

**The Globe**  
**SHOE & CLOTHING CO**  
89. Whitehall. 74-76, S. Broad.





# CHAPTER XII.

## Over the Hill, Among the Heather.

When I came to myself my cousin Walter Gordon was standing over me. He was dressed in countryman's apparel and seemed much like a chapman with a small pack of goods upon his back for sale in the farm towns and cottages' houses. It was gray day.

"Where is the best?" I asked, for I was greatly bewildered in my soul.

"What best? There is no best," he replied, thinking that I dreamed.

Then I told him of what I had seen; but, as I might have expected, he took little heed, thinking that I had dreamed in that uncouth place. And in the light of the dawn went forward with a fair white cloth in his hand wherewith to wrap his father's head for burial. But when he came to the corner of the vault, lo! there was naught there, even as I had said; and, saving that the earth seemed newly stirred, no trace of the horror I had seen, which staggered him no little. Yet me it did not surprise, for I knew what I had seen.

Yet in a little he said: "That is all folly, William; you and your beast. Be buried in yourself in your sleep. How many times have you walked the ramparts of Earlston in your sleep?"

This, indeed, seemed likely, but I still maintained that I saw the mowdewort.

But when we came to consider the matter, it was no time to think of fets or contents. It was no question of our fathers' heads. Our own were in danger, whether the duke of Wellwood lived or died, and we had to look to him if we were to save them at all. It is a strange feeling that comes and stays about the roots of the neck when one first realizes that the headman may have to do therewith or many weeks pass by. And it is a feeling that I have taken to bed with me for years at a time.

Wat Gordon had warned my men as well as his own. So at the outside of the town, toward the back of the Boroughmire, Hilt Kerr met us with the beasts. Here we took horse and rode, having happily seen nothing of the guard. It was judged best that my cousin and I should ride alone. This we wished, because we knew not whom to trust in the strange case in which we found ourselves. Besides, we could the better talk over our chances during the long night marches in the wilderness and our weary hidings among the heather in the daytime.

So we steadily rode southward toward Galloway, our own country, for there alone could we look for some ease from the long arm of the privy council. Not that Galloway was safe. The dragons paraded up and down it from end to end, and searched every nook and crevice for the intercommuned fugitives. But Galloway is a wide, wild place, where the raw edges of creation have not been rubbed down. And on one hillside in the dune of Buchanan there were as many lurking places as Robert Prior of Lag has stirs on his nose, which is saying no light thing, the Lord knows.

Once, as we went by night, we came upon a company of mulrind men, who kept their conventicle in the hollows of the hills, and when they heard us coming they scattered and ran like hares. I cried out to them that we were their own folk; yet they answered not, but only ran all the faster for we might have been informers, and it was a common custom of such like to claim to be of the hill people. Even dragons did so, and had been received among them to the hurt of many.

Our own converse was the strangest thing. Often a kind of wicked delight came over me, and I took speed to mock and stir up my cousin of Lochinvar, who was moody and distraught, which was very far from his wont.

"Cousin Wat," I said to him, "it is a strange sight to see your mother's son so soon of the strict opinions. To be converted at the instance of her grace of Wellwood is no common thing, but that, God forbid, will lead the psalm singing at a conventicle yet!"

Whereat he would break out on me, calling me "crook ear" and other names. But at this word play I had, I think, much the mastery, as he at the play of sword blades.

"Rather it is you shall be the 'crook head' of the same sort as my mock and stir up," said, for it is a strange thing that as soon as men are at peril of their lives, if they be together, they will begin to jest about it—young men, at least.

To get out of the country was now our aim. It pleased Wat not at all to have himself numbered among the hill folk, and he was charged with religion. For me, I had often a sore heart, and I had no conscience, that I had made so little of all my home opportunities. My mispent Sabbaths stuck in my throat, and I had no stomach for running and hiding with the intercommuned. Perhaps if I had loved my brother Randy better it had not been so hard a matter. But that, God forbid, I never did, though I knew that he was a good covenant man and true to his principles. Yet there was no mistake but that he gave us all a distaste at his way of thinking.

So we wandered by night and hid by day till we reached the hills of our own south country.

At last we came to the white house of Gordonstown, which stands on the hill above the clachan of Saint John. It was a lodge of my cousins, and the keeper of it was a true man, Matthew of the Dub by name. From him we learned that there were soldiers both at Lochinvar and at Earlston. Moreover, the news had come that very day with the riding post from Edinburgh of the wounding of the duke of Wellwood, and that both of us were put to the horn and declared outlaw.

I do not think that this affected us much, for almost every man in Galloway, even those that trooped with Graham and Leg, had been all the while been doing this and that at the horn. One might be at the horn this, outlawed—for forgetting to pay a cess or tax, or for a private little tussle that concerned nobody, or for getting one's turn on fire almost. It was told that once Lauderdale himself was put to the horn in the matter of a reckoning he had been slack in paying for Scotch Johnnie, and was even better at drawing in than paying out.

But to think of my mother being harassed with a garrison, and to think that rough blades chattered in and out of our ben burse of Earlston, pleased me not at all. Yet it was faw out of my map to help it. And I comforted me with it could be with us, even before our affray with the Wellwood.

So there was nothing for it but to turn our horses at Gordonstown and take to the hills like the rest. Matthew of the Dub gave us to understand that he could put us into a safe hold if we would trust ourselves to him as he would the king's word.

"But it is among the hill-folk o' Balmaghie!" he said, looking doubtfully at his laird.

"Ah, Balmaghie," said Lochinvar, making a wry face and speaking reproachfully, "needs must when the devil drives! But what for did you sign all the papers and take all the oaths against intercommuning, and yet all the time be having it do with the rebels?"

For Matthew was a cunning man and had taken all the king's oaths as they came along, holding the parish and feather beds of Gordonstown on the hill worth any form of words—which indeed could be swallowed down like an apothecary's bolus, and to more so about it.

"Deed, your honor," said Matthew of the Dub, slyly, "it's a wersh breakfast to streak your neck in a tow, an' I hae sma' stomach for the whig's ride to the Grassmarket. But a man canna just turn informer an' g'e the gang-bye to a' his auld acquaintances. Wha in Galloway wants to ride an' mell wi' Clavers an' the lads on the grey horses, save slean toons as red-wud Lag, roarin' Baldoon, and Liddellate, the Hullaion o' the isle?"

"I would have you remember, Matthew," said my cousin, speaking in Scots, "that I rode wi' them no lang syne myself."

"Ou, ay, I ken," said independent Matthew, dourly, "there was my leddy to thank for that, and the wench was at great gentry when they meddle wi' the affairs o' the state. But a' the gien jalousee that ye wad come cot, like the daddie o' ye, than ye auld leading-string, an' an' gang to the horn like a' nootest man, e'en as ye hae done the day."

It was one wintry-like morning in the latter spring when at last we got out of hiding in the house of Gordonstown. During our stay there I had often gone to see my mother just over the hill at Earlston, to give her what comfort I could, and in especial to advise about Randy, who was then on his travels in the low countries. That morning Matthew of the Dub came with us, and we took our legs to it, despatching horses in our own quality of hill-folk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

"maghie!" he said, looking doubtfully at his laird.

"Ah, Balmaghie," said Lochinvar, making a wry face and speaking reproachfully, "needs must when the devil drives! But what for did you sign all the papers and take all the oaths against intercommuning, and yet all the time be having it do with the rebels?"

For Matthew was a cunning man and had taken all the king's oaths as they came along, holding the parish and feather beds of Gordonstown on the hill worth any form of words—which indeed could be swallowed down like an apothecary's bolus, and to more so about it.

"Deed, your honor," said Matthew of the Dub, slyly, "it's a wersh breakfast to streak your neck in a tow, an' I hae sma' stomach for the whig's ride to the Grassmarket. But a man canna just turn informer an' g'e the gang-bye to a' his auld acquaintances. Wha in Galloway wants to ride an' mell wi' Clavers an' the lads on the grey horses, save slean toons as red-wud Lag, roarin' Baldoon, and Liddellate, the Hullaion o' the isle?"

"I would have you remember, Matthew," said my cousin, speaking in Scots, "that I rode wi' them no lang syne myself."

"Ou, ay, I ken," said independent Matthew, dourly, "there was my leddy to thank for that, and the wench was at great gentry when they meddle wi' the affairs o' the state. But a' the gien jalousee that ye wad come cot, like the daddie o' ye, than ye auld leading-string, an' an' gang to the horn like a' nootest man, e'en as ye hae done the day."

It was one wintry-like morning in the latter spring when at last we got out of hiding in the house of Gordonstown. During our stay there I had often gone to see my mother just over the hill at Earlston, to give her what comfort I could, and in especial to advise about Randy, who was then on his travels in the low countries. That morning Matthew of the Dub came with us, and we took our legs to it, despatching horses in our own quality of hill-folk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

Matthew told us not whether we were going, and as for me, I had no thought or suspicion. Yet the four or five of us, as we saw the bonny woods of Earlston lying behind us, with the gray head of the old tower setting its chin over the treetops, and talking together about the past, we marched south along the Ken, by New Galloway, and the seat of my Lord Kenmuir, where there was now a falk. The wind blew bitter and cold from the east, and May—the bleakest of spring months, that ought to be the bonniest—was doing her best to strengthen the cold in proportion as she lengthened her unkindly days.

saw where he was being taken, and liked it little, "I wadna."

"I thought I had him, and so, logically, I had. But he was nothing but a dour soldier and valued good logic not a docken."

"Hear me," he



her of the field folks' way of hearing, a preacher in the open country. This, as I well know, was a little for me, yet I was to plain and conceal nothing of the way by which I was led from being a careless and formal homekeeper, to cast my lot with the remnant who abode in the fields and were persecuted.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**Sweet Singers at the Deer's Slunk.**  
Now, father had drilled into me that Anton Lennox, called the Covenant, was a good and sound-hearted man, even as he was doubtless a manifest and notable Christian. But the tale that most impressed me was that of his spirit nearest, was the tale of how he served Muckle John Gib and his crew, after godly Mr. Cargill had given them over to Satan.

It was Sandy, my brother, that was the eyewitness of the affair. He was ever of the extreme opinion—as my mother used to often say: "Our Sandy was either in the moon or in the mill in my judgment, oftentimes in the latter."

Yet I will never deny that he has had a great deal of experience, though I would rather say that he has had a great deal of this world's wisdom. Now, this time Sandy, perhaps by means of his wife, Jean Hamilton, who, like her brother Robert, was just inordinate for preachings and prophecies, was much inclined to kick over the traces and betake himself to the wilder extremes that were much handed by our enemies for the purpose of bringing discredit on the good name of the Covenanters.

There was one great hulking sailor of Borrowtownness that was specially afflicted with these visions and wanderings. Nothing but his own will in all things could satisfy him. He would not leave the waste with two or three men and a great company of feeble-minded women, and there they renounced all authority and issued proclamations of the wildest and maddest kind.

The godly and devout Mr. Donald Cargill (as he was called, for his real name was Duncan) was much exercised about the matter, and, finding himself in the neighborhood to which these people had betaken themselves, he spared no pains, but with much and sore-foot travel he found them, and entered into their minds with them. But John Gib, who could be upon occasion a facile and plausible person, persuaded him to abide with them in prayer and communion half the night, and making not any thing of them, he rose and went out into the fields most unhappy. So after long wandering he came homeward, having failed in his mission. It was that he told old Anton Lennox, who had come from Galloway to attend the great societies' meeting at Lesmahagow. With him at the time was my brother Sandy, and here it is that Sandy's story begins. It was that one I liked the best, because there was the least chance of his having anything about himself to tell.

"I mind the day," he began, "a great heartsome harvest day in mid-September. We had our crop in early that year, and Anton, my father and I, had gone away to the societies' meeting at Lesmahagow. It was in the earliest days of them, for ye main mind I am one of the few surviving original members. We were at sitting at that time when the Covenanters came into the farm kitchen where we abode, Donald Cargill himself. He was leaning upon his staff, and his head was hanging down. We desired from our dear father, that he should stay with us, for we saw that the hand of the Lord had been upon him and that for grief. So we waited for the delivery of his testimony."

"My heart," he said, "was at long and last, for the people of the wilderness are delivered over to the gainsayer, and that by reason of John Gib, called Muckle John, sailor in his own day, who had been leading the silly folk astray." Then he told them how he had wrestled with the Gibbites mightily in the spirit, and how he had won the victory, and how he had won the hearts of all those that hated the way would be lifted up."

"He also bought a copy of the foolish sheet called the 'Proclamation of the Silly Singers,' which was much handled among all the persecutors at this time, and made to bring terrible discredit on the sober and God-fearing folk of the south and west, who had nothing to do with the matter."

"Let me see it," said Anton Lennox, holding out his hand for it. "Mr. Cargill will not give it to me, saying sadly, 'The spirit will not always strive with them.'"

"Na," said Auld Anton, "but I'll give ye 'em them myself! Reek me 'em on Clackie!"

"He spoke of his great herd's stave that had a shank of a yard and a half long and was as thick as my wrist."

"Come ye, Sandy," he cried over his shoulder as he strode out, "and ye will get your bellyful of sweet singing this day!"

"Now, I did not want to move, for the exercise was pleasant, but my father also bade me go with Auld Anton, and, as you know, it is not easy to say nay to my father."

"It was over a wild moor that we took our way—silent because all the wild birds had by their nesting, and the place where Mr. Cargill had left the company of John Gib was in a very desert place where two countries met. But Auld Anton went stepping over the hills, till I was fair driven out of my breath. And ever as he went he drove his staff deeper into the sod."

"Walking rapidly with long steps. 'It was a long season before we arrived at the place, but at last we came to the top of a little brae-face, and stood looking at the strange company gathered beneath us."

"There was a kind of moss or dry peat, wide and deep, that level above the bottom. Down upon the black com was a large company of women, all standing close together and joining their hands. A little way apart, but level above the bottom, in the midst stood a great hulk of a fellow with a white gown upon him like a woman's smock, of white linen felled with purple at the edges, and level above the bottom, with the wind one saw underneath the sailor's jerkin of rough cloth with the bare tanned skin of the neck showing through."

"'Certes, Master Anton,' said I, 'but you is a brae chiel w' the broad hat and the white cock upon the bob o' it!'"

"And, indeed, a brave, brae heartsome-like man he was for all the trashy of his attire. He kept good order among the men and women that camped with him in the Deer Slunk. There were thirty of them—twenty-six of them being women—many of them very respectable of family, that had been led away from their duty by the persuading tongue of John Gib. But Auld Anton looked very grim as he level a moment on the know-toe and watched them, and he took a shorter grip of the cudgel he carried in his hand, w' the black crab tree and knotted very grievous."

"John Gib!" cried Anton Lennox from the hilltop suddenly in a loud voice. "The great slug of a man in the white petticoat turned slowly round and looked at us standing on the parched brae-face with no friendly eye."

"Begone—ye are the children of the devil—begone to your father!" he cried back.

"Belike—John Gib—belike, but bide a wee—I am coming down to have a word or two with you as to that!" replied Auld Anton, and his look had a smile in it that was as sour as the crabapples which his cudgel would have borne had it bliden in the hedge root."

"I have come," he said, slowly and tartly, "that I might converse seriously with you, John Gib, and that concerning the way that you have treated Mr. Donald Cargill, an honored servant of the Lord!"

"'Poo!' cried John Gib, standing up to look at us, while the women drew themselves together angrily to whisper together; 'speak not to us of ministers. We deny them every one. We have had more comfort to our souls since we had done with them.'"

"Short sword,"

ministers and elders, with week days and fast days, and Bibles and Sabbaths, and came our ways here by ourselves to the degree of the Deer's Slunk."

"Na," said Auld Anton, "ministers, indeed, are not all they might be; but with them they have proved yourself a blind guide leading the blind, John Gib! Ye shall not long continue sound in the faith or straight in the way if ye want faithful guides! But chiefly for the fashion in which ye have used Mr. Cargill am I come to wrestle with you," cried Anton.

"He is but a hireling," shouted Muckle John Gib, making his white gown flutter. "Ye, ye, and amen!" cried the women that were at his back. But David Jamie, Walter Ker and John Young, the other three men who were with him, looked very greatly ashamed and turned away their faces, indeed, they had great need."

"Stand up like men, David Jamie, Walter Ker and John Young!" cried Anton to them. "Do ye bide to take part with these silly women and this hulk of a man who bides, or will ye return with me to good doctrine and wholesome correction?"

"But the three men answered not a word, looking like men surprised in a shameful thing and without their needful garments."

"'Cargill me no Cargill!' said John Gib; 'he is a traitor, a led captain and a hireling. He deserted the poor folk and went to another land. He came hither to us, yet neither preached to us nor prayed with us for us.'"

"John Young looked about him as John Gib said this, as though he would have contradicted him had he dared. But he was silent again and looked at the ground."

"Na," said Auld Anton, "that is a lie, John Gib; for I know that he offered to preach to you, standing with his Bible before him."

"There was one great hulking sailor of Borrowtownness that was specially afflicted with these visions and wanderings. Nothing but his own will in all things could satisfy him. He would not leave the waste with two or three men and a great company of feeble-minded women, and there they renounced all authority and issued proclamations of the wildest and maddest kind."

The godly and devout Mr. Donald Cargill (as he was called, for his real name was Duncan) was much exercised about the matter, and, finding himself in the neighborhood to which these people had betaken themselves, he spared no pains, but with much and sore-foot travel he found them, and entered into their minds with them. But John Gib, who could be upon occasion a facile and plausible person, persuaded him to abide with them in prayer and communion half the night, and making not any thing of them, he rose and went out into the fields most unhappy. So after long wandering he came homeward, having failed in his mission. It was that he told old Anton Lennox, who had come from Galloway to attend the great societies' meeting at Lesmahagow. With him at the time was my brother Sandy, and here it is that Sandy's story begins. It was that one I liked the best, because there was the least chance of his having anything about himself to tell."

"I mind the day," he began, "a great heartsome harvest day in mid-September. We had our crop in early that year, and Anton, my father and I, had gone away to the societies' meeting at Lesmahagow. It was in the earliest days of them, for ye main mind I am one of the few surviving original members. We were at sitting at that time when the Covenanters came into the farm kitchen where we abode, Donald Cargill himself. He was leaning upon his staff, and his head was hanging down. We desired from our dear father, that he should stay with us, for we saw that the hand of the Lord had been upon him and that for grief. So we waited for the delivery of his testimony."

"My heart," he said, "was at long and last, for the people of the wilderness are delivered over to the gainsayer, and that by reason of John Gib, called Muckle John, sailor in his own day, who had been leading the silly folk astray." Then he told them how he had wrestled with the Gibbites mightily in the spirit, and how he had won the victory, and how he had won the hearts of all those that hated the way would be lifted up."

"He also bought a copy of the foolish sheet called the 'Proclamation of the Silly Singers,' which was much handled among all the persecutors at this time, and made to bring terrible discredit on the sober and God-fearing folk of the south and west, who had nothing to do with the matter."

"Let me see it," said Anton Lennox, holding out his hand for it. "Mr. Cargill will not give it to me, saying sadly, 'The spirit will not always strive with them.'"

"Na," said Auld Anton, "but I'll give ye 'em them myself! Reek me 'em on Clackie!"

"He spoke of his great herd's stave that had a shank of a yard and a half long and was as thick as my wrist."

"Come ye, Sandy," he cried over his shoulder as he strode out, "and ye will get your bellyful of sweet singing this day!"

"Now, I did not want to move, for the exercise was pleasant, but my father also bade me go with Auld Anton, and, as you know, it is not easy to say nay to my father."

"It was over a wild moor that we took our way—silent because all the wild birds had by their nesting, and the place where Mr. Cargill had left the company of John Gib was in a very desert place where two countries met. But Auld Anton went stepping over the hills, till I was fair driven out of my breath. And ever as he went he drove his staff deeper into the sod."

"Walking rapidly with long steps. 'It was a long season before we arrived at the place, but at last we came to the top of a little brae-face, and stood looking at the strange company gathered beneath us."

"There was a kind of moss or dry peat, wide and deep, that level above the bottom. Down upon the black com was a large company of women, all standing close together and joining their hands. A little way apart, but level above the bottom, in the midst stood a great hulk of a fellow with a white gown upon him like a woman's smock, of white linen felled with purple at the edges, and level above the bottom, with the wind one saw underneath the sailor's jerkin of rough cloth with the bare tanned skin of the neck showing through."

"'Certes, Master Anton,' said I, 'but you is a brae chiel w' the broad hat and the white cock upon the bob o' it!'"

"And, indeed, a brave, brae heartsome-like man he was for all the trashy of his attire. He kept good order among the men and women that camped with him in the Deer Slunk. There were thirty of them—twenty-six of them being women—many of them very respectable of family, that had been led away from their duty by the persuading tongue of John Gib. But Auld Anton looked very grim as he level a moment on the know-toe and watched them, and he took a shorter grip of the cudgel he carried in his hand, w' the black crab tree and knotted very grievous."

"John Gib!" cried Anton Lennox from the hilltop suddenly in a loud voice. "The great slug of a man in the white petticoat turned slowly round and looked at us standing on the parched brae-face with no friendly eye."

"Begone—ye are the children of the devil—begone to your father!" he cried back.

"Belike—John Gib—belike, but bide a wee—I am coming down to have a word or two with you as to that!" replied Auld Anton, and his look had a smile in it that was as sour as the crabapples which his cudgel would have borne had it bliden in the hedge root."

"I have come," he said, slowly and tartly, "that I might converse seriously with you, John Gib, and that concerning the way that you have treated Mr. Donald Cargill, an honored servant of the Lord!"

"'Poo!' cried John Gib, standing up to look at us, while the women drew themselves together angrily to whisper together; 'speak not to us of ministers. We deny them every one. We have had more comfort to our souls since we had done with them.'"

"Short sword,"

ministers and elders, with week days and fast days, and Bibles and Sabbaths, and came our ways here by ourselves to the degree of the Deer's Slunk."

"Na," said Auld Anton, "ministers, indeed, are not all they might be; but with them they have proved yourself a blind guide leading the blind, John Gib! Ye shall not long continue sound in the faith or straight in the way if ye want faithful guides! But chiefly for the fashion in which ye have used Mr. Cargill am I come to wrestle with you," cried Anton.

"He is but a hireling," shouted Muckle John Gib, making his white gown flutter. "Ye, ye, and amen!" cried the women that were at his back. But David Jamie, Walter Ker and John Young, the other three men who were with him, looked very greatly ashamed and turned away their faces, indeed, they had great need."

"Stand up like men, David Jamie, Walter Ker and John Young!" cried Anton to them. "Do ye bide to take part with these silly women and this hulk of a man who bides, or will ye return with me to good doctrine and wholesome correction?"

"But the three men answered not a word, looking like men surprised in a shameful thing and without their needful garments."

"'Cargill me no Cargill!' said John Gib; 'he is a traitor, a led captain and a hireling. He deserted the poor folk and went to another land. He came hither to us, yet neither preached to us nor prayed with us for us.'"

"John Young looked about him as John Gib said this, as though he would have contradicted him had he dared. But he was silent again and looked at the ground."

"Na," said Auld Anton, "that is a lie, John Gib; for I know that he offered to preach to you, standing with his Bible before him."

chapter headings and the tables of contents were but human inventions."

"And I did it out of spite against God!" cried John Gib.

"Then Anton Lennox said not a word more, but cast away his plaid, spat upon his cudgel palm and called over his shoulder to me:

"Come, Sandy, and help me to wrestle in the spirit with these sweet singers."

"As he ran down the brae David Jamie, the student youth came at him with a little spit-stick of a sword and cried that if he came nearer he would run him through."

"The Lord forgive you for leech, gallant!" cried Anton, catching the poor thin blade on his great oak cudgel. For Anton was a great player with the single-sticks, and as a lad had been the cock of the countryside. The steel being spittle-thin, he shoved into twenty places and the poor lad stood gaping at the sword hilt left in his hand, which had grown suddenly light."

"Hide you there and wrestle with him, Sandy!" Auld Anton cried again over his shoulder.

"So I took my knee and tripped David up, and so sat upon him very comfortably until his nose was pressed into the moss and all his members sprawled and waggled beneath me like a puddock under a stone."

"Then Auld Anton made straight for John Gib himself, who stood back among his circle of women, conspicuous in his white sack and with a pistol in his hand. When he saw Auld Anton coming so fiercely at him across the peat hags he shot off his pistol and turned to run. But his women caught hold of him by the flying white robe, thinking that he was about to soar upward out of their sight."

"Let me be," he cried with a great sailor oath, and tearing away from them, he left half of Anton Lennox in their hands and betook him to his heels."

"Anton Lennox went after him hot foot, and there they had it, like coursing dogs, upon the level moor. It was no noble sport, I laughed until David Jamie was nearly choked in the moss with me rocking to and fro upon him. Anton Lennox was twice the age of John Gib, but Muckle John, being a sailor, was accustomed to the short cut, and also having his running gear out of order by his manner of life, did exceedingly pant and blow. Yet for a time he managed to keep ahead of the pursuer. But there was no ultimate city of refuge for him."

"Anton Lennox followed after him a little stilly, with a grim, determined countenance. He was a man of a great deal of heart, and he was a man of a great deal of will. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of strength. He was a man of a great deal of power, and he was a man of a great deal of wisdom. He was a man of a great deal of knowledge, and he was a man of a great deal of experience. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a man of a great deal of grace. He was a man of a great deal of honor, and he was a man of a great deal of respect. He was a man of a great deal of love, and he was a man of a great deal of mercy. He was a man of a great deal of kindness, and he was a man of a great deal of gentleness. He was a man of a great deal of patience, and he was a man of a great deal of forbearance. He was a man of a great deal of self-control, and he was a man of a great deal of discipline. He was a man of a great deal of industry, and he was a man of a great deal of diligence. He was a man of a great deal of perseverance, and he was a man of a great deal of endurance. He was a man of a great deal of courage, and he was a man of a great deal of bravery. He was a man of a great deal of strength, and he was a man of a great deal of power. He was a man of a great deal of wisdom, and he was a man of a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of a great deal of skill, and he was a man of a great deal of art. He was a man of a great deal of science, and he was a man of a great deal of philosophy. He was a man of a great deal of religion, and he was a man of a great deal of morality. He was a man of a great deal of virtue, and he was a man of a great deal of goodness. He was a man of a great deal of beauty, and he was a



## THE RED RIVER DAM.

How Admiral Porter's Fleet Was Narrowly Saved from Destruction.

### A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

General Bailey and Colonel Pearson Performed a Remarkable Engineering Feat in an Unusual Emergency.

(Copyright 1895 by Albert B. Paine.)

On the morning of the 17th of April, 1862, the sheriff of Vernon county, Missouri, set out on horseback from the town of Nevada for the purpose of bringing in two brothers by the name of Pixley, against whom complaint had been lodged for hog stealing. The Pixley brothers lived in a somewhat remote neighborhood and had been known as desperadoes and guerrillas during the war. The officer, however, being a man of unusual daring, declined assistance and was accompanied by the men. What happened later was told by the Pixley themselves to those who probably aided them in their flight from the country.

Arriving at the cabin in the woods where the brothers lived, the sheriff called upon them to surrender. They agreed to do so, provided they might be allowed to retain their arms. The officer knew both the



COLONEL JOSEPH BAILEY—1864.

men and goodnaturedly agreed to this condition. He then started with his prisoners back to town. While still some distance from Nevada they were obliged to pass through a thick growth of timber, where the road became little more than a bridle path, compelling the three men to ride single file. Just why at this point the wary officer allowed one of his prisoners to drop behind him will always remain a profound mystery. Such, however, seems to have been the case. His body was found some days later dragged into the thick brush a little way from the path, a single bullet hole in the back of his head. Large rewards were offered for the assassins, but they were never captured.

Thus came to a violent death at the hands of ruffians none other than the gallant officer and engineer Joseph Bailey, under whose command and by whose direction was constructed the famous Red River dam, a feat of engineering and rapidity of construction and magnitude of result is claimed to be without parallel in the history of military works.

General Banks and Admiral Porter

Early in the spring of '64 the army of the Red River, General Banks commanding and supported by the Mississippi naval squadron consisting of some fifteen gunboats, iron-clads and monitors, besides numerous transports—under the command of Admiral David B. Porter, had ascended the Red river to a point a little beyond Grand Ecore, La., with Shreveport as an objective point. Their progress up the river had been almost a constant skirmish and after severe battles at Sabine crossroads and Pleasant Hill, the former a union defeat and the latter a fruitless victory, it was decided to abandon the undertaking and retreat down the river.

Great expedition was necessary in order to save the fleet, for the water, which had been barely sufficient to allow the larger boats to pass the rapids at Alexandria, was falling rapidly, and it was extremely doubtful whether any of them would be able to do so on their return. One vessel, in fact, the East Port, was already aground and abandoned, although Lieutenant Colonel Bailey (afterwards general and then acting engineer of the Nineteenth army corps) had proposed to float it over the bars by constructing a series of wing dams similar to

COLONEL PEARSON.

some afterwards built at Alexandria. This assistance was declined by the officers of the fleet, counsel from army officers apparently not being as yet regarded in nautical affairs.

The tired, disheartened, foot soldiers now set out to fight their way down the river. They had fought it up. Their path was intersected by bayous and swamps, and barricaded by almost impenetrable woods. They were constantly under scattering fire, for the enemy hovered about them like vultures, and what was still worse, they were assailed day and night by myriads of ravens, and a few mosquitoes—an enemy against which warfare was useless.

The naval forces likewise worked their way down stream as best they could, impeded constantly by snags and bars, and frequently annoyed by the enemy, driving at last at Alexandria the boats could be realized. Not an emergency in which failure meant the total loss of the entire Mississippi squadron, and the consequence of the war for an indefinite period. Unless the fleet could be brought below the rapids it must be destroyed or abandoned to the enemy, it being manifest that the army, already on short rations, could not remain there to guard it all summer.

Col. Joseph Bailey offers a Rescue. It was in this crisis that the genius of Colonel Joseph Bailey became manifest. Notwithstanding the previous refusal he had received from the naval officers he now proposed to build a series of dams across the channel that should deepen the channel and relieve the fleet. He

standing the fact that the plan suggested was ridiculed by the West Point engineers of the army. The rapids extended one and one-fourth miles in length, making a gradual descent of eight feet and some inches. The width of the river at this point being 750 feet and the depth of the water from four to six feet. The current was very rapid, running about ten miles per hour.

The Building of the Dam. The work was begun immediately. It was now the 1st of May, and every day meant enormous additional labor, as the river was still falling rapidly. Four large coal barges were first towed to a ledge of rock in the middle of the river, scuttled and sunk. They were placed lengthwise with the current, two and a half, with a channel of forty feet between them, and fastened to the yielding soapstone river bed with long bars of iron, sharpened and driven through their bottoms like nails. These barges were then filled with such heavy material as could be readily procured. They were to serve as abutments for the dam to be built out to them from either side of the river. The current was thus to be obstructed and deepened and it was through the forty-foot channel between the abutments that the big iron-clads and transports were to pass into deep water and safety below.

From the north bank it was decided to build a tree dam formed of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick and stone, crossed with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was constructed under the personal supervision of Colonel Bailey, while Colonel Pearson was assigned the task of filling the barges and projecting an obstruction from the south bank. The swift current was thus to be gradually diverted and forced between the abutments in the center.

The dam from the south bank was to be a series of log cribs built above and floated down into place, the logs to be filled with brick, stone and iron, such as could be procured quickly regardless of cost. All the neighboring sugar mills were destroyed for this purpose, costly machinery hammered into fragments because it was heavy, and the weighty debris thus obtained was carried by an endless procession of men with handbarrows and dumped into the river.

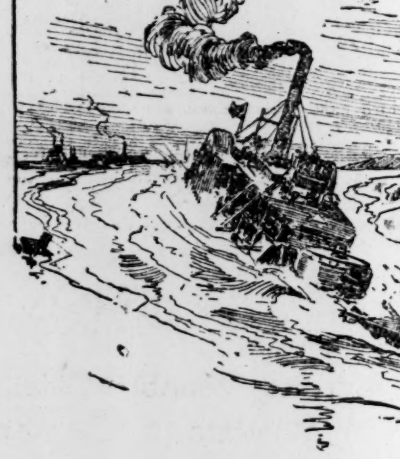
Six thousand men were divided into two forces which relieved each other every six hours, working day and night.

"Trees were falling with great rapidity," says Admiral Porter, "and the work was done in all directions bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flatboats were built to bring stone down from above, and every man seemed to be working with vigor. I have seldom seen equal activity, perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking."

An Appalling Break in the Dam. At last, on Sunday, May 8th, the dam was completed. But, alas, the very next day it broke.

"Seeing this unfortunate accident," (the break in the dam), says Admiral Porter, "I jumped on a horse and rode up to where the Lexington was anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls, if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. I thought I might be able to save the four vessels below, not knowing whether the persons employed on the work would ever have the heart to renew their enterprise."

"The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in



SHOOTING THROUGH THE BROKEN DAM.

the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously, that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on, anxious for the result. The silence was so great as the Lexington approached the dam that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam, on pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rolled safely into the bank. Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and she followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and she followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident.

Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept over the rocks, and followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and she followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and she followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident.

A New Dam Built as Swiftly as the Old. The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair the damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would finally be brought over. These men had been working for eight days and nights, up to their necks in water, in the broiling sun, cutting trees and wheeling bricks, and nothing but good humor prevailed among them.

"On the whole it was very fortunate the dam carried away, as the two barges that were swept away from the center swung around against some rocks on the left and made a fine cushion for the vessel, and prevented them, as it afterwards appeared, from running on certain destruction. The force of the water and the current being too great to resist, the entire fleet, at six hundred feet across the river, in a short time, Colonel Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty-five feet in the dam and build a series of wing-dams on the upper falls."

This plan had been already suggested in the beginning by Colonels Pearson and George D. Robinson, but had been deemed inadvisable by Colonel Bailey, who feared to avoid the additional time and labor necessary to the construction of two dams if one could be made to serve. It now became apparent, however, that the river must be obstructed on the upper falls in order to obtain sufficient depth to relieve the larger iron-clads, such as the Mound City, the Chillicothe, the Carondelet and some five others which were still lying above the rapids.

Two Big Ironclads Aground. A series of light wing-dams, consisting of log cribs lashed together that resulted in

fourteen inches additional depth of water were completed in less than three days' time. The Chillicothe now managed to work her way through and the Carondelet attempted to follow her example. The water in the lower dam, however, had been slowly falling, and as the huge vessel came through she swerved a little from the main channel and grounded in dead water, her



THE CARONDELET AND MOUND CITY AGROUND BELOW THE DAM.

stern lying down stream and pointing diagonally across the channel. An attempt was made to haul her off with a Spanish windlass, but was abandoned as unavailing. Admiral Porter, believing there was still sufficient room in the channel for other boats to pass, now gave orders for the Mound City to make the attempt. This she did immediately and grounded almost at the Carondelet. Five more iron-clads were still lying above the falls.

How the New Emergency Was Met. At this crisis Colonel Bailey came flying up in hot haste to where Colonel Pearson was standing. Colonel Bailey was a dark, stern-looking man at all times, his unkempt, raven hair and his restless black eyes—wild and Woodstock from nervous tension and loss of sleep—made him seem now almost ferocious. Neither of these officers had slept to exceed thirty hours during the past ten days, and their nerves were terribly overwrought by the fearful strain. It was no time for idle conjectures and none was offered.

To the abrupt question, "What in the name of God are we going to do now, colonel?" Colonel Pearson as abruptly replied: "Give me what men and material I want, and I will put a foot of water under those boats (the Mound City and Carondelet) in twenty-four hours."

Colonel Bailey: "You shall have whatever you want. Only tell us what it is, quick."

Colonel Pearson: "I want the Thirteenth army pioneer corps to report to me on the left bank at midnight, and 10,000 feet of two-inch plank to be here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

Colonel Bailey at once assented to these requirements, and the orders were promptly given. Immediate steps were taken by Colonel Pearson to get his men across the

river, but it was now dark and the transports refused to put off boats until morning—for what reason does not appear.

The Whole Fleet Set Free. Colonel Pearson's report briefly narrates this part of the work.

"It was midnight before all were across to the opposite side. I immediately instructed the men in building two-legged trestles for a 'bracket dam.' They worked with even greater energy than ever before, and the trestles were all made by 3 o'clock a. m. Some pieces of iron bolts (size one-half inch) were procured and one set into the foot of the legs of each trestle; also one in the cap pieces at the end resting on the bottom of the stream. The place selected by me for this 'bracket dam' was at a point opposite the lower end of the Carondelet, extending out close to this vessel from the left bank. The party of men, all familiar with logging and dam building in the Wisconsin woods) selected and headed by myself, placed these trestles in position under very adverse circumstances. The water being about four and one-half feet deep and very swift, and coupled with a very slippery bottom, making it almost impossible to stand against the current. Several men were swept away in this way, but no lives were lost. The trestles were fastened as soon as they were in position by means of taking 'sets' and driving the iron bolts above referred to down into the bottom. All were in position by 10 o'clock in the morning and the plank having arrived all that remained was to place them. This was done in less than an hour, and by 11 o'clock a. m. there was at least a foot of water thrown under the Mound City and the Carondelet, and both vessels floated off easily before the ultimate height of water was obtained. The five remaining vessels passed with little difficulty, and at noon the following day were safe below the main dam at Alexandria."

The iron-clads had been lightened some.

"You can't get such a breakfast as that at Del's," said Tinch, rising from his seat on the bed and buckling on his cartridge belt, which he had to let out about an inch or two. Come on, Dunc, or Bill will be 'singing' at us again, which I for one don't care about hearing. I'll just take the little rifle, for we might see some game."

In a few minutes they had reached their boat, which was a long cottonwood dugout, about thirty inches in beam and very stable, supplied with one pair of oars and a paddle for steering purposes. Tinch seized the bow and shoved her out from the cottonwood thicket, where she lay concealed from possible marauders, and then jumped in and took the stern seat. He did full justice to a huge loaf that was presently taken out, not forgetting its due accompaniments of friend venison, hot, strong coffee and a loaf of the great American pie, as they were called. They quickly ate and loosed where they had breakfasted, and the nigger at work fixing up tackle.

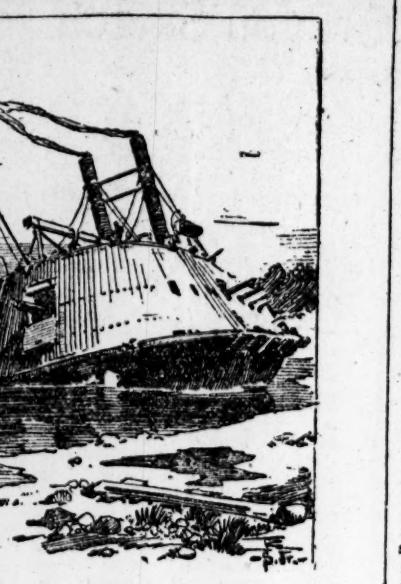
"Well go, Dunc; you know Red's got to get the deer he killed yesterday, and besides it's his day for the morning. I'll go with you, and you'll find Tinch, holding his hand in front of his face, which was being nearly blinded by the hot fire, while he put a large frying pan in front of him to keep the sparks off his face, and he was spluttering and filled the nostrils of the boys with the odor due to epicures and sportsmen, that of frying venison."

Reddy, naked as a new-born babe, sat on the broad hearth, and put his "Dutch



SWORD AND PUNCH BOWL PRESENTED TO COLONEL BAILEY BY ADMIRAL PORTER AND STAFF.

what by removing a part of their plating, and the stern of each had been weighed to prevent diving; the hatches had been battered down and every precaution taken against accident, but the plunge from the lower dam into the water was terrific, and as the heavy iron-clads one after another ran down the furious incline and out into the deep water they were for some mo-



THE CARONDELET AND MOUND CITY AGROUND BELOW THE DAM.

ments almost entirely submerged—in the case of the Carondelet the water actually poured in through the smokestacks, but as each vessel righted and rode out into the lower dam, the thousands cheered, and as the last iron-clad passed safely through and the water was terrific, and as the heavy iron-clads one after another ran down the furious incline and out into the deep water they were for some mo-

AUTUMN SPORT ON FLATHEAD LAKE.

A TRUE STORY.

Dunc sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. He had just been dreaming that he was swimming a race with a tug in New York harbor, and now he was tempted to believe that his dream was at least partly true, for a series of spitting fliers filled the air about him, and he felt as if he were being pelted with hail. He looked out from under a pile of blankets on the other side of the cabin with startling suddenness.

"Dunc, why the dickens don't you stop that howling idiot outside, he's been calling you for ten minutes loud enough to wake the dead?" "He ain't dead."

Colonel Bailey: "You shall have whatever you want. Only tell us what it is, quick."

Colonel Pearson: "I want the Thirteenth army pioneer corps to report to me on the left bank at midnight, and 10,000 feet of two-inch plank to be here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning."

Colonel Bailey at once assented to these requirements, and the orders were promptly given. Immediate steps were taken by Colonel Pearson to get his men across the

river, but it was now dark and the transports refused to put off boats until morning—for what reason does not appear.

The Whole Fleet Set Free. Colonel Pearson's report briefly narrates this part of the work.

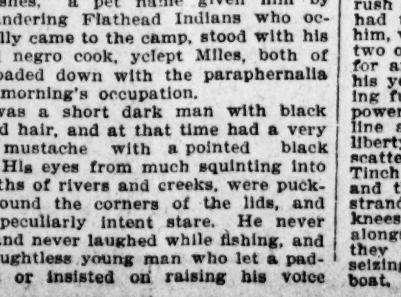
"It was midnight before all were across to the opposite side. I immediately instructed the men in building two-legged trestles for a 'bracket dam.' They worked with even greater energy than ever before, and the trestles were all made by 3 o'clock a. m. Some pieces of iron bolts (size one-half inch) were procured and one set into the foot of the legs of each trestle; also one in the cap pieces at the end resting on the bottom of the stream. The place selected by me for this 'bracket dam' was at a point opposite the lower end of the Carondelet, extending out close to this vessel from the left bank. The party of men, all familiar with logging and dam building in the Wisconsin woods) selected and headed by myself, placed these trestles in position under very adverse circumstances. The water being about four and one-half feet deep and very swift, and coupled with a very slippery bottom, making it almost impossible to stand against the current. Several men were swept away in this way, but no lives were lost. The trestles were fastened as soon as they were in position by means of taking 'sets' and driving the iron bolts above referred to down into the bottom. All were in position by 10 o'clock in the morning and the plank having arrived all that remained was to place them. This was done in less than an hour, and by 11 o'clock a. m. there was at least a foot of water thrown under the Mound City and the Carondelet, and both vessels floated off easily before the ultimate height of water was obtained. The five remaining vessels passed with little difficulty, and at noon the following day were safe below the main dam at Alexandria."

The iron-clads had been lightened some.

"You can't get such a breakfast as that at Del's," said Tinch, rising from his seat on the bed and buckling on his cartridge belt, which he had to let out about an inch or two. Come on, Dunc, or Bill will be 'singing' at us again, which I for one don't care about hearing. I'll just take the little rifle, for we might see some game."

In a few minutes they had reached their boat, which was a long cottonwood dugout, about thirty inches in beam and very stable, supplied with one pair of oars and a paddle for steering purposes. Tinch seized the bow and shoved her out from the cottonwood thicket, where she lay concealed from possible marauders, and then jumped in and took the stern seat. He did full justice to a huge loaf that was presently taken out, not forgetting its due accompaniments of friend venison, hot, strong coffee and a loaf of the great American pie, as they were called. They quickly ate and loosed where they had breakfasted, and the nigger at work fixing up tackle.

"Well go, Dunc; you know Red's got to get the deer he killed yesterday, and besides it's his day for the morning. I'll go with you, and you'll find Tinch, holding his hand in front of his face, which was being nearly blinded by the hot fire, while he put a large frying pan in front of him to keep the sparks off his face, and he was spluttering and filled the nostrils of the boys with the odor due to epicures and sportsmen, that of frying venison."



SWORD AND PUNCH BOWL PRESENTED TO COLONEL BAILEY BY ADMIRAL PORTER AND STAFF.

above a whisper was sure to be "squashed" at once. He was slightly stooped, and had a habit of resting his hands on his knees as if holding a rod. Attired in a well worn canvas shooting coat over a blue flannel shirt, with a pair of blanket breeches, stuffed into felt boots, and a peaked cap on his head with a little bag for holding bait hung around his neck (the boys said he slept in it), he looked a typical backwoodsman. This was very far from the truth, however, as he was in reality a cultured gentleman, a graduate of one of the eastern colleges, and when not fishing was an entertaining and fascinating talker.

This second lesson Walker immediately took command of the craft by common consent, and putting Miles at the oars distributed some ordinary spoon hooks with about two hundred feet of line each to his crew.

The sun was just showing his red disk over the top of the main divide of the Rockies, gliding the dark trunks of the pine and tamarack and making the snow-covered mountains and the restless lake gleam and glitter in its early beams, and the boat emerged from the little river and began to throw the spray from the short, choppy waves of Flathead lake to either side. The scene was one worthy to be remembered: to the south, the sparkling waters of the lake with two or three wooded islets on the horizon, and on either side high cliffs of gray stone rising from the water's edge forty or fifty feet, and further back the gradual ascent of the dark foothills, clad in fir and tamarack and pine, gave way in their turn to high, snow-covered ranges, behind the boat to the north a low, flat beach, fringed with cottonwood and willow, stretched across the head of the lake for three miles to Flathead river and finally ascended to the fertile prairie lands along its banks. The smoke from their cabin chimneys rising high in the rarefied atmosphere, was the only sign of man visible to the occupants of the boat. The pure, sweet air was like good wine, and a cool, bracing breeze made it very hard for the younger members of the party to keep from indulging in shout and song, but Tinch had only begun to clear his throat preparatory to giving his companions "A Life on the Ocean Wave" when a fierce growl and a fierce look from Bill arrested him in time that trout are not supposed to enjoy anything except very fine music.

The boat was now gliding in very deep water close to some high rocks on the left, when Dunc who had been looking closely for signs of the finny tribe, motioned Miles to slow up and said in a low voice: "Here they are." Looking over the side of the boat the boys could see three or four feet below the surface hundreds of the brown backs and gleaming sides of speckled "lakers" making to the rear as fast as possible. As the last one passed the boat was urged on a little faster and in a few seconds Bill commenced to haul in his line hand over hand, finally landing a half-pound trout in the bottom of the boat.

"That's the meanest Tinch, whose line was out about two hundred feet, felt its steady pull change to a series of quick jerks, and followed Bill's example. Dunc was struggling with what seemed to be a pretty large one and had drawn him up nearly to the boat, when "splash" and a beautiful body shot clear out, shaking and twisting to escape; but two or three swift rushes, first to one side, then to the other, and just as Dunc leaned over to lift him up he made a sudden plunge and out came the hook! "That's a five-pounder—just my luck," said he, examining his line to see if it was still secure. "Don't go so fast; there's some big fish in that school." And truly there were, for Bill, feet braced against the sides and pulling for dear life, was having all he could do to bring one which broke water several times to the boatside, where Mills grabbed the line and lifted the largest fish yet caught into the craft. A few more minutes of very exciting work, with all three hard at work taking the fish, and the bites gradually became farther apart and soon ceased altogether.

"Pretty good haul that," said the man who fishes, pointing to the flopping animals in the bottom of the boat and making preparations to light his pipe. "Count 'em, Miles."

"Dar's twenty-two trout and two squaw-fish, sah; dey weighs 'bout twenty-five pounds," said Miles, and he cast the line, where they pretty soon recovered their suspended vitality and went swimming out of sight.

They were now pulling along over a bed of white sand, with a few large boulders scattered around, when a huge yellow and brown body darted out from under one of the rocks, and Bill at once ordered Miles to pull fast.

"That's a big salmon trout," said he, "and if we can hook one of them, we'll have some fun."

"That Kootenai at camp the other day said they'd caught some weighing forty pounds," and Tinch held his line out a lit-

tle further from the side, while the others put up their pipes and prepared for battle, for these big, tawny fellows have been known to jerk a man into the water. They rowed on silently for a quarter of a mile till the water began to get deeper and the boys caught sight of a small island when Bill, producing his inevitable pipe, said sadly, "that luck was against them, and motioned for the boat to be put on the homeward stretch. The other boys were very much inclined to weep for him, for he had set his heart on securing one of these big fish, which is to the fisherman of the Rockies what the tarpon is to his brother the gulf."

The boat was hissing through the water under the impulse of Miles' long, steady stroke, and Dunc had just taken a load around his forefinger, when the line was jerked with a force which nearly pulled the finger with it, and went blustering through his hands for thirty or forty feet before he could stop it.

"Now hold him!" shouted Bill, for once excited out of his customary quietness. "Back water, quick! Tinch help Dunc. If you don't he'll take you, line and all!"

It looked very much that way, for Dunc's line was straining and cracking, and he was being jerked toward the water at the lunge of the fish, till his friend seized the line, and together they began to pull fish and boat slowly toward each other, until the fish was within thirty feet of the boat, when he made a rush straight for it, and the two fishermen had to pull in the line very fast to stop him, which they succeeded in doing within two or three feet of the boat, where he lay for an instant giving them a fine view of his yellow, orange-spotted belly, and looking fully six feet long, by the magnifying power of the water, another pull on the line and he made another wild dash for liberty, jumping clear out of the water and scattering spray everywhere, but Dunc and Tinch hung on to the line like grim death, and though it strained and sung, the strands held together, and on the knees they finally got him.

When he was on the deck, sudden jerk, they landed him on a slick, sudden jerk, seizing his tail, flapped him over into the boat. He returned the compliment by

knocking his legs from under him, on a strong dive toward the stern, where he hit Bill's resounding thwack, and fell back toward the front of the boat at Dunc's feet, he promptly lay down upon him, holding his arms around his captive, and finding the slippery, squirming mass very hard to hold, Tinch grabbed a snipe, and caught they always carried, and a few smart raps on the head effectually put at end to the monster's struggles. Dunc arose, dirty, panting, but triumphant, and apologized to the man who fishes for having caught the largest fish of the season.

They weighed the fish when they got back to camp. It tipped the beam at eighty

knocking his legs from under him, on a strong dive toward the stern, where he hit Bill's resounding thwack, and fell back toward the front of the boat at Dunc's feet, he promptly lay down upon him, holding his arms around his captive, and finding the slippery, squirming mass very hard to hold, Tinch grabbed a snipe, and caught they always carried, and a few smart raps on the head effectually put at end to the monster's struggles. Dunc arose, dirty, panting, but triumphant, and apologized to the man who fishes for having caught the largest fish of the season.

They weighed the fish when they got back to camp. It tipped the beam at eighty



THE CARONDELET AND MOUND CITY AGROUND BELOW THE DAM.

FOR TWO SECONDS HE HELD HIS BOW AT FULL DRAW.

een pounds, and measured about three or four feet in length, and hung up beside one of the "lakers" with its dark brown back and yellow belly with the large orange spots, it made a picture that would have delighted the soul of even a tarpon fisherman.

The boys had a feast that night—broiled trout, succulent venison, and up the place of honor, one side of the big fish, flanked by bits of bread and "flap-jacks," and being a special occasion, the brown jug, labeled "for sickness only," was produced, and the boys drank to the health of the fisherman, and all went merry as a marriage bell till Bill, pushing his plate back, lit his pipe and said in a low voice, "Well, the general opinion when he said, 'Well, the fisherman Tinch have surely captured the king of the lake.'"

ROBERT BRUCE McBRIDE.

Insomnia is often the result of some wearing pain, slight in itself, yet sufficient to prevent sleep. Instead of using an opiate apply an

**Alcock's Porous Plaster** to the aching spot; relief will come, and with relief, sweet, refreshing sleep.

Beware of Nostrums. See that you get "Alcock's." Do not accept any other.

**Alcock's Corn Shields, Alcock's Bunion Shields,** Have no equal as a relief and cure for corns and bunions.

**Brandreth's Pills** first purify, then invigorate the system, facilitating healthy growth.

**THE ROLLER TRAY TRUNK** THE MOST CONVENIENT TRUNK EVER DEvised.

**We Manufacture** ALL KINDS—TRUNKS, VALISES, BAGS, CASES, Etc.

**PETER LYNCH** ESTABLISHED IN 1857.

as Whitehall and 7 Mitchell streets, and branch store at 20 Peters street, in addition to his large and varied stock, is now receiving his usual supply of spring goods, such as clover, wheat blue and red top grass seeds, German millet, eastern-hatched Irish potatoes, and a large stock of watermelon and cantaloupe seeds, and garden seeds of all kinds; gardening tools and other hardware, guns and whistles of all kinds, and ammunition of all kinds, and other varieties of goods, to mention here. He keeps up the old style. Whenever you fail to find anything, be sure and come to him, and you will be very apt to find it. All of the above varieties are to be found at his store on Whitehall and Peters streets.

The usual supply of fine wines, ales, beers, porters, brandies, gins, rums and whiskeys of the very best grade, for medicinal and beverage purposes, and of all the fine liquors of the world, may be found at his Whitehall street store. A perfect variety store at each place, all orders, accompanied with the cash, filled promptly and at reasonable prices. On and after the 1st of June, he will have a large stock of shoes and rubber boots for the cold and bad weather. Terms cash. Just received, 50 pounds fresh and genuine codfish.

**WILL CLOSE HIS OFFICE** June 1st to September 15th.

**DR. J. HARVEY MOORE,** SPECIALIST. Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose, No. 204 KISER BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

## SPECIAL SALE OF BOYS CLOTHING

SIZES 4 TO 15.

For four days ending Saturday night May 18th, we offer our entire stock of Boys' Clothing at the following great reductions:

**\$1.98** for any Suit marked \$2.50, or \$2.75 or \$3.  
**\$2.98** for any Suit marked \$3.50, or \$3.75 or \$4.  
**\$3.98** for any Suit marked \$4.50 or \$5.  
**\$4.98** for any Suit marked \$6, \$7 or \$7.50.

No goods will be charged or sent on approval at these prices. Bring in your boys and put them up in fine clothing for less than others ask for the ordinary kind.  
Splendid Knee Pants at 50c, 75c and \$1, worth 75c, \$1 and \$1.50.  
Silk Windsor Ties at 15c worth 25c.  
Silk Windsor Ties at 25c worth 50c.

**EISEMAN & WEIL** Boys' and Men's Outfitters, 3 Whitehall St.

**Anthony Murphy & Co.** COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 13 South Broad St., ATLANTA, GA.







There is a great wine cellar beneath the rambling globe house, and it is needless to say that it is stocked with the select of the vintages of many years ago. The wine that is considered the best here is made from the old mission grape. This brings me to the old mission itself, to which we went last Sunday—meaning the dear Atlanta woman you know, a big girl and the little brown hand, to drive us, the same negro boy, and the mother came out from Atlanta in

## A black and white illustration of a woman in a yachting costume. She is wearing a dark, double-breasted jacket with large buttons and puffed sleeves, a white collar, and a long, light-colored skirt. She also wears a sailor-style hat. She is holding a thick rope in her right hand and has her left hand on her hip. The background is simple, with some horizontal lines suggesting a deck or railing.

## A black and white illustration of a woman riding a bicycle. She is wearing a long, light-colored dress with a high collar and puffed sleeves, identified as a 'Bicycle Gown'. She is also wearing a matching long skirt and a small hat with a bow. The bicycle has large wheels and a simple frame. The background is plain.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF LEARNING TO SWIM.

Then I remembered when my uncle used to sail up close into shore in a small cat-

When she came to the surface she used her five strokes, caught hold of the boat and pulled herself in. The boat began to sink and she stood up in it, forgetting that

BICYCLE GOWN.

TENNIS AND GOLF.

Dr. Schweininger, the famous German physician who has established his reputation as a flesh reder through his success in Prince Bismarck of forty years' voidpursued a diet of the lightest deleterious effect upon his distinguished patient's physical condition, restricts the consumption of liquids at all times, and especially during the day. He forbids during or within an hour of meals: starchy and sugar and advises most ferocious physical exercise. This is a sure way to martyrdom. The average American woman, the Schweininger method would be martyrdom. Dr. Schweininger recommends the drinking of large quantities of water. A Professor of medicine at the other extreme, does not only deprives his patients of the pleasure of playing thirst when agreeable, but goes

**FINE LIVERY.**  
**Finest Horses, Carriages, etc.**  
**Boarding Horses a Specialty.**  
 O. Jones is now ready to furnish his owners with the finest livery and out-  
 fits to be had in the city. A specialty  
 of boarding horses and the splendid  
 and attention given them. If you  
 genuine satisfaction call on Jones,  
 33 and 35 South Forsyth street.

**Phone 1284.**  
 Miss Glenn, stenographer and typewriter, will be glad to hear from you. Best style  
 at prices. Nine years' experience.  
 502, fifth floor Equitable building.  
 may-14m

**Deodorine**  
 The most powerful Deodorizer. Purifier  
 disinfectant on earth. All druggists  
 Star & Rankin Drug Co., agents. 444

**Phone 1284**  
And Miss Glenn, stenographer and type  
writer, will be glad to serve you. Best style  
lowest prices. Nine years' experience  
Room 502, fifth floor Equitable building.  
may3-1m

**Deodorine**

Is the most powerful Deodorizer, purifier and disinfectant on earth. All druggists.

Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., agents, 141



## AT THE PYRAMIDS

The Author of "Sweet Maria" Pays a Visit to Egypt.

HE FINDS A DEEP IMPRESSION

Mark Twain Left There in 1867—A Perfect Little Railroad Along the Suez Canal.

Copyright 1895.

Cairo, Egypt, April 28.—After the Jaffa and Jerusalem, the P. and I. is good to look upon. This little railway runs from Port Said to Ismailia, less than a hundred miles. The gauge is not even three feet, which seems to be a sort of standard for narrow gauge railways everywhere. It is only thirty inches. The locomotives are like toy engines, but good ones, and the carriages are beautiful—perfectly designed and artistically constructed, but scrupulously clean and very comfortable. They are given to each passenger. They are so arranged that the whole car may be opened up allowing one to pass through it from end to end. I had no time to inform myself regarding the road's history, but I was told that it had been built and was being operated by a French company. I hope so, for the J. and I. has rather disgraced France. The road which runs on metallic cross-ties, looks to be about thirty pounds to the yard. The road runs for the greater part along the Suez canal and the sea on the other side. It is a fine from Port Said, if the sand is not blowing; is an interesting one.

In the shallow sea to the right are myriads of sea birds of every conceivable kind, and further out hundreds of sleek-looking little ships with one sail, whose masts lean back like slender palms in a steady wind. To the left is the canal, upon whose narrow waters one sees the flag of almost every civilized country, some perhaps the stars and stripes, which, somehow, one seldom sees in the Orient or anywhere else, for that matter. Even at Constantinople, the flag at the embassy flies only on high days and holidays, and not very high then.

With all their enterprise, this company makes one serious mistake. They refuse to "paste" baggage through from Port Said to Cairo, and at Ismailia the voyager must hunt out his luggage, have it reweighed and reregistered. The P. and I. is beautiful, but new steamer Caldonia, bound for India, had unloaded an English excursion party the day I went down, and it took nearly two hours that night to reweigh the baggage where we left the smart little railway and boarded the Egyptian line.

The Egyptian line, however, is not bad, not very good, but they answer the purpose. Their locomotives are far, their cars are of the usual European style—short and light. They make very good time, too, for such a slow country, but one must travel first-class always in Egypt to avoid smoke, filth and dirt of every kind—the quick and the dead!

The Universal Brotherhood of Section Hands.

If the reader has ever ridden on the rear-end of an American railroad train, and is of an observing turn, he has noticed that the moment the train passes a gang of section hands, they all fall back as vigorously as though they were repairing a wash-out and were holding the president's special. "Poor fellows," says the sympathetic traveler, "how they work!" He does not observe that every Irish son of them has one eye on the track and the other on the rear car looking for the road-master. Well, they do that here, and the Arabs do it on the Jaffa and Jerusalem, just as the Chinamen do in California, and the negroes in Texas. Human nature is much the same the world over.

Opposite the barracks in Cairo you can see bare-footed negroes playing ball with a coconut. At a small station where the train stopped, I saw two little girls, dark children, six or seven years old, sitting by the track. One of them, about twelve years old, was dandling her doll—a black stick with a bunch of wool on one end of it—while her sister, a year or two older, with her doll lying on the sand at her side, was dandling her baby. These dolls are dear to these children—dear as the guinea dolls of France are to the children of the republic—but how early they are weaned poor things!

Another thing that I noticed was that there were four tiers in the upper left-hand corner of the child's right eye. Neither the mother nor the child made any effort to brush them away. Egyptians never do, and the result is that one eye is literally eaten out of the head of 10 per cent of the children along the valley of the Nile. Poor children! At fourteen they are sold into slavery or matrimony, which is the same in the east, and while still wondering who and why they are, find a baby in their arms with only a vague notion of how it all came about. The pretty saying the Mohammedans have—from the Koran, of course—"From your mother to your husband, and from your husband to the grave," came in all right here.

I arrived in Cairo at midnight and went straight to bed. When I awoke the next morning it was because birds were singing near my window and fountains were playing not far away. In truth, I had to walk about my room to assure myself that I was still on earth and these things were real and the marble maidens hid about in sheltered nooks were only marble and the little love gods and angels were nothing but stone ingeniously wrought to fool people.

The Pious Hotel on Earth.

When I had dressed, had my "premier déjeuner," or first breakfast, in my apartments and walked out into the hotel, I found myself in a palace and instinctively touched my right side to see if my letter of credit was there. I expected to leave this place long in experience, but financially short. Everything was on such a kindly scale that I felt afraid at first, but as I mounted the great staircase leading to the first floor, where are the ladies' saloons, the private concert and ballrooms and the apartments especially reserved for royalty and distinguished persons, I forgot that I was not royal, rich or distinguished and began to lose myself in the wonders of my surroundings. It was very early and I had it all to myself, the poetry of the place. The curved ceilings, daisies of mosaic, mantelpieces of alabaster, the decoration in lapis lazuli, porphyry, in gold, in copper-incrusted marble, the acres of Turkish and Persian carpets, miles of silk, satin and embroidery all about—were things to make one forget. After weeks in the dreary wastes of the holy land it was a glorious awakening, and I turned myself loose to wander in this wilderness of wealth.

At the end of an hour I went down and out into the grounds where the birds and fountains were. It is a small forest of trees of the Orient, and flowers and grottoes and mountains made to order. There were strange-looking trees that seemed to begin to exist fifteen feet from the ground, their roots running down from that point just as their branches ran up. Around one side of the grounds—sweet the dark swift Nile, where a stream of water was waiting for any of the Palace guests who wished to go on the water for pleasure, or to cross to the city, without money and without back-sheesh. How sweet it was to wander here away from the deformed beggars and lying, thieving guides!

This is Ghezireh palace, which has been given up by the enterprising young khedive to be opened as a hotel for the public. It is probably the most interesting and pleasant hotel on the whole face of this big earth today. It is pleasant to add that it is almost perfectly managed and that the rates are no higher than those of the crowded, noisy, cook-smelling hotels in

the center of the city, where they still charge for candles, forgetting it would seem that all the rooms have electric lights. It is on the Nile, too, away from the beggars and guides, and that is everything.

The Road to the Pyramids.

The drive from the palace to the pyramids, six or seven miles, is beautiful. The road across the valley is raised high above the level of the country, and on either side there is a line of trees whose tops meet over the drive, forming a continuous arch all the way.

In the fields the farmers are plowing, or, having finished, are beating up the clods with long hoes and stammers. Now as we foot the pyramids, the beggars become thicker and more daring. All kinds of cripples, some with long, thin, rat-like legs, some with the naked stub of the ankle down into the sand. Women, with one, sometimes two babies in their arms, follow the carriage, while from every one, even from the workers in the field, comes the hissing cry of "backsheesh."

When we were driven back by the army of dragoons and guides, who were as bad as the beggars! The only difference was that the beggars wanted something for nothing, while the guides were willing to let you for a half hour for what one could give them.

"Want see 'em run up pyramids?" said a yellow, long-legged negro, as the carriage paused at the foot of the first great pile.

"No," said I.

"Give 'em franc and go up back, in five minutes," said I.

"Oh!" said I, "take your time; don't hurry on my account."

Liberal Opportunities for a Ride.

Just at that moment the army of burro and camel boys who were lying in the shade of the largest pyramid, saw us and made a charge.

Long-legged camels, that start slowly like a locomotive with a big wheel, and the burros being switched round and round poor camels as they were forced to bring their bones down on the sharp stones of the "center" and have to be pinched off before you can get them going, bore down upon us like an Arabian army. In a minute my old sheik and I were surrounded by donkeys and camels and boys.

The burros being switched round and round poor camels as they were forced to bring their bones down on the sharp stones of the "center" and have to be pinched off before you can get them going, bore down upon us like an Arabian army. In a minute my old sheik and I were surrounded by donkeys and camels and boys.

The Donkey Mark Twain Rode in 1867

The mob had been away to silence by the story of my wealth, but at the mention of their friend they set up a yell that would have scared the devil.

I had heard a great deal about Mark Twain's pull at the pyramids, but I was not prepared for this. One of the men was to be elected at Crete to fill the vacancy created by a gunshot wound. I received 1,100 out of 1,300 votes, with fourteen candidates in the field. A passionate, almost consuming love for their practice and "seven up" had enabled me to control both the "church" and the "saloon vote," as it was called. That was "prestige," people said, but I say now it was nothing. Here is a man who has been away from his home for twenty years—many of these boys were then unborn, and yet at the mere mention of his name they yell, laugh, cry, jump up, fall down, beat their breasts and bite the dust.

Mark Twain rode he "yelled a boy with one eye gone."

"Wee, wee," said the boy. "He's ride same donkey 'em."

They all know the date perfectly, but have no notion of how many years it takes to bridge over the gap from 1867 to 1895.

At a wave of the sheik's hand the mob opened up, and the "Prince of California" and friend of Mark Twain" on his high horse passed down the trail to see the sphinx.

On the Great Pyramid.

When an hour later I stood on the great pyramid; at my back the broad and beautiful valley of the Nile; in front an endless sea of sand; a feeling of rest came over me. For the first time the sheik was silent. From the wild waste of this wasteless sea great sails appeared to rise, and as I continued to gaze high mountains grew up near the horizon. The wind was dry

and—

Josephine's Morals.

From the Memoirs of Barras.

Shall I confess it? Yes, I will confess it, since I am writing my memoirs, without having given them the ostentatiously modest title of confession.

As much as a Frenchman brought up according to the principles of civility may reveal of such matters that I had certainly enjoyed certain intimate relations, bygone, it is true, but none the less most real, with Mme. Beauharnais. There is little pride on my part, some would say a great deal of modesty, in this revelation. There, nevertheless, resulted therefrom a situation such as could not escape the notice of persons acquainted with my inner life.

Thus Mme. Beauharnais was generally pointed out as one of my first liaisons, while Bonaparte, who was a frequent visitor to my house, was one of those who could the least be ignorant as to how matters stood, but it would seem that in the matter which profoundly stirred ordinary men he was deeply indifferent and rose superior to all such considerations.

Thus, at the time he was paving the way for his union with Mme. Beauharnais, when he could not possibly believe that everything was over between us, it was he himself who brought his future wife to me at the directorate; she was already helping him in business, as she had helped him toward his promotion. As he perpetually had something to ask of me he thought to appear less of a petitioner by getting her to do the soliciting.

Mme. Beauharnais having on several occasions expressed a desire not to speak to me in the presence of others, would make no ceremony about asking me to go into my private office with her alone.

Bonaparte would wait for her in the salon and engage in conversation with those present. One day Mme. Beauharnais wished to speak with me more privately than usual; our interview lasted far longer than suited me. She spoke to me with the effusion of the tender feeling she had always experienced toward me, one which her projected union could not make her renounce. Sighing me to her bosom, she upbraided me for no longer loving her, again and again saying to me that I was the man whom she had loved more than any other, and that she could not tear herself away from me just as she was about to become the wife of the "little general."

Shall I go further in my confession? All that the most daring men venture toward women in the devious manner of their gallantry she attempted toward me. I was almost in the same position as Joseph when face to face with Mrs. Potiphar I should, nevertheless, be lying did I pretend to have been so cruel as the young minister of Pharaoh. The consequences of my weakness left no equivocal traces to the eyes of those persons who saw me come out of my private office with Mme. Beauharnais, not without some embarrassment on my part.

What would have added to this considerably had not an impression of disgust been paramount at the time, was to see Bonaparte at once come to me and far from complaining of anything, on the contrary, take her hand and that hand with an air of passionate respect.

5.—I'm off.

Bimetallism in Prussia.

From The Chicago Inter Ocean.

Highly important step was taken Tuesday of this week toward the monetary restoration of silver. The upper house of the Prussian diet appointed a committee of fourteen some time ago to consider and report on Count von Mirbach's proposition to have an international conference called to agree upon a basis for the reinstatement of silver in its old and rightful place as money.

That committee has agreed to favor it, the vote standing 10 to 4.

There is no more intelligent legislative body in Europe than the upper house of Prussia. It is not merely composed of hereditary lords. Leading manufacturers and producers are among its members, owing their seats to their prominence in business, and, what is more, the ten great universities of Prussia each have representation there. So do the large cities, as such. It has a "strong" and varied membership, the purpose being to make it representative of the kingdom at its best.

If the committee is representative of the whole body, as it probably is, then it may be fairly set down that Prussia, the one land of universal education, is nearly three to one in favor of bimetallism in preference to the single gold standard.

Prussia thus has squarely before it the great issue now agitating the intelligence and progressive thought of the civilized world. Do the production, the industry, enterprise and the business generally of the present day want one money-metal or two? That, and that distinctly, is the issue. It does not concern American politics only or mainly. It is greater than politics or than any one country. The United States and Germany are by no means alone in it. Great Britain is also steadily moving in the direction of bimetallism.

1.—At night.

2.—and in daytime.

3.—Mangit!

4.—

5.—

6.—

7.—

8.—

9.—

10.—

11.—

12.—

13.—

14.—

15.—

16.—

17.—

18.—

19.—

20.—

DISBARRED.



Bartender—I'm very sorry, but we cannot sell to a minor. Caller—I ain't no minor, I'm a ne waboy.

from sweeping the miles of sand. It was like the wind I had often felt before—the wind of the west.

"I seemed to feel my native air. Blown down from some high region there."

But I was not to be left "unmarked" long. Suddenly there was a sound of shuffling feet and heavy breathing behind me. I turned and saw the thief of a sheik leaning over the wall, eyeing me in a moment. I had not given this heathen any money during the past twenty minutes. I made a play for my pocket, but he pretended not to see it, choosing rather to punish me. Then they came leaping like Indians over the top of the pyramid and I was surrounded. Some thrust their dirty hands into my face and demanded "backsheesh," others wanted to do a turn for a franc or so.

"Would you have 'em run down this pyramid, up your back and here again, all nine minutes?" Mark Twain do that "give 'em 5 francs."

"Not I, not I!" said I, "I would commune with nature here alone, to watch the sunset in this wilderness of sand."

"Backsheesh, backsheesh," they yelled, pressing closer and closer. I turned to my guide. He had his back to me, gazing over the great Sahara where the round red sun was going down in the desert.

"Begone, begone!" I cried, reaching for my pistol pocket, but it never faced them. Then I made a dive through the crowd, reached the guide and managed to press a five-franc piece into his palm.

"Peace!" he cried, raising his hand which held not the dollar, and the mob gave pause.

"Take me down," said I; and when we reached the ground, I stepped into my carriage.

Only One Safe Way To See the Pyramids.

"I had often heard the donkey boys say 'Imshah,' or something that sounded like that when they wanted them to go. Remembering this I pressed a five-franc piece into the washman's hand and yelled 'Imshah' in his ear. To avoid a mistake I snatched the whip from his hand, and leaning over the box began to lay it on to the little team. They were high spirited, with a dash of the old blood of the desert in their veins, and before we could spring to the carriage we were bounding down the hill to the valley and the broad drive that led to the city. At the foot of the hill where the hotel was an army of beggars had congregated, 'laying' for the Prince of California and friend of Mark Twain," for such was the title given me by the sheik. We passed that mob at about forty-eight miles an hour.

Having gone through all this I am persuaded that there is just one safe and proper way to see the pyramids. Go quietly and alone. Leave the Palace hotel on a broncho with a driving name. Wear a broad white hat and buckskin trousers, with saw-tooth trimming up the seams, two spurs and two six-shooters, not less than forty-five caliber. Look desperate but unconcerned. When you are in sight of the Hotel Pyramides put your horse to a demure and gallop right up to the door. Dismount, throw the reins over the horse's neck, and gallop up to the door. Shoot the lights. Rush out into the yard again and look wildly about. It would add a great deal to the play if you could manage to shake your hat off in the noise, so now you would stand bareheaded and yell, somewhere with 'Imshah!' and take a few stray shots at chickens or dragoons. When you have succeeded in putting them all to bed, or in the color, the women at your feet and have given the beggars all out into the desert, go up and have a look at the pyramids.

When you are tired come down and mount your horse and ride quietly back to the city. That's the way to do.

4.—catch the cable with my cane, and—

5.—I'm off.

6.—

7.—

8.—

9.—

10.—

11.—

12.—

13.—

14.—

15.—

16.—

17.—

18.—

19.—

20.—

21.—

22.—

23.—

24.—

25.—

26.—

27.—

28.—

29.—

30.—

31.—

32.—

33.—

34.—

35.—

36.—

37.—

38.—

39.—

40.—

41.—

42.—

43.—

44.—

45.—

46.—

47.—

48.—

49.—

50.—

51.—

52.—

53.—

54.—

55.—

56.—

57.—

58.—

59.—

60.—

61.—

62.—

63.—

64.—

65.—

66.—

67.—

68.—

69.—

70.—

71.—

72.—

73.—

74.—

75.—

76.—

77.—

78.—

79.—

80.—

81.—

82.—

83.—

84.—

85.—

86.—

87.—

88.—

89.—

90.—

91.—

92.—

93.—

94.—

95.—

96.—

97.—

98.—

99.—

100.—

101.—

102.—

103.—

104.—

105.—

106.—

107.—

108.—

109.—



